

## Business Cards.

**Cummings, Chute & Co.,**  
— DEALERS IN —

Flour, Corn,  
Meal, Oats,  
Hay, Straw,  
Coal and Wood.  
Agents for the Leading Brands  
of Fertilizers.  
9 to 21 High St., Woburn.

**George Durward**



**Choice  
Steaks  
and Roasts**

450 Main St., Woburn

**CHARLES H. TAYLOR,**  
Photographer.

AMATEUR SUPPLIES, ALL  
Films.  
Discount of 10 per cent from list.  
Landscapes, Interiors, Machinery, Pictures  
Copied and Enlarged.  
Developing, Printing, Finishing, and all kinds of  
work done for Amateurs on Plates or Films.  
23 Pleasant St., Woburn

**B. A. & C. E. TRIPP,**  
Funeral Directors.

Everything pertaining to Funerals,  
conducting and arranging.  
Office and Warehouses,  
No. 10 Prospect St., WOBURN

Office and Residence connected by Telephone.  
No. 10 Telephone 144.  
Residence and Night Telephone 235-6.

**NORRIS & NORRIS,**  
Counsellors and Attorneys-at-Law,  
NOTARY PUBLIC.

415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS.

**Notice To Patrons.**

Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co.  
Change Of Time. Reading &  
Arlington Route.

**WEEK DAYS.**

Beginning Monday, June 3, 1907, cars  
will leave Reading Square for Stoneham,  
Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5:00,  
5:30, 5:45, 6:00, 6:20, 6:45, 7:00, 7:30 A. M.  
and every 30 minutes until 10:30 P. M.  
Leave Stoneham for Winchester and  
Arlington 5:30, 5:45, 6:00, 6:20, 6:45, 7:00,  
7:30, 7:45 A. M. and every 30 minutes until  
10:30 P. M.  
Leave Winchester for Stoneham and  
Arlington 5:45, 6:00, 6:15, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00,  
7:30, 7:45 A. M. and every 30 minutes until  
10:30 P. M.  
Leave Stoneham for Reading 6:40, 7:10,  
7:25, 7:40, 8:10, 8:25, 8:40, 9:10 A. M., and  
every 30 minutes until 11:40 P. M., then  
12:10 A. M.

**RETURNING.**

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stone-  
ham and Reading 6:30, 6:45, 7:00,  
7:30, 7:45, 8:00, 8:30 A. M. and every 30  
minutes until 11:30 P. M.  
Leave Winchester for Stoneham and  
Reading 6:20, 6:35, 6:50, 7:05, 7:20, 7:50, 8:05,  
8:20, 8:50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until  
11:30 P. M.  
Leave Stoneham for Reading 6:40, 7:10,  
7:25, 7:40, 8:10, 8:25, 8:40, 9:10 A. M., and  
every 30 minutes until 11:40 P. M., then  
12:10 A. M.

**RETURNING.**

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stone-  
ham and Reading 7:30, 8:00, 9:00, 9:30  
A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11:30  
P. M.  
Leave Winchester for Stoneham and  
Reading 7:50, 8:20, 9:00, 9:30 A. M. and  
every 30 minutes until 11:30 P. M.  
Leave Stoneham for Reading 7:10, 7:40,  
8:10, 8:40, 9:10, 9:40, 10:10, 10:40, 11:10,  
11:40, 12:10 P. M., then 12:10 A. M.

**RETURNING.**

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stone-  
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P. M.  
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Reading 7:50, 8:20, 9:00, 9:30 A. M. and  
every 30 minutes until 11:30 P. M.  
Leave Stoneham for Reading 7:10, 7:40,  
8:10, 8:40, 9:10, 9:40, 10:10, 10:40, 11:10,  
11:40, 12:10 P. M., then 12:10 A. M.

**RETURNING.**

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every 30 minutes until 11:30 P. M.  
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every 30 minutes until 11:30 P. M.  
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8:10, 8:40, 9:10, 9:40, 10:10, 10:40, 11:10,  
11:40, 12:10 P. M., then 12:10 A. M.

## WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1908.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE  
POST OFFICE.

From Boston and via Boston 7:45, 7:45, 10:15, 11:30  
A. M., 2:40, 3:40, 5:40, 6:40, 8:40, 9:40, 10:40, 11:30  
P. M.  
From New York direct 7:00 A. M.  
From New York via New Haven and Northern  
via Winchester, 10:40 A. M., 2:40, 5:40, 6:40, 8:40, 9:40,  
10:40, 11:30 P. M.  
From the North, direct 7:45 A. M., 8:40, 9:40, 10:40,  
11:30 P. M.  
From Burlington, 8:30 A. M., 9:40, 10:40, 11:30 P. M.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE  
FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Wash-  
ington, Western and Southern, 7:45, 10:15, 11:30  
A. M., 12:30, 2:30, 5:30, 6:30, 8:30, 9:30, 10:30, 11:30  
P. M.  
For North, direct 7:45 A. M., via Winchester, 8:45  
A. M., 10:40, 11:30 P. M.  
For Lowell and Stoneham, 7:45 A. M., 8:40, 9:40, 10:40,  
11:30 P. M.  
For Winchester, 7:45 A. M., 8:40, 9:40, 10:40, 11:30 P. M.

DELIVERIES.

House routes 7:45 A. M., 2:40, 5:40, 6:40, 8:40, 9:40, 10:40, 11:30 P. M.  
Business routes 7:45, 7:45, 8:40, 9:40, 10:40, 11:30 P. M.

MAIL COLLECTED.

Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Sumner  
St., 9 times daily.

Money order office open at 7:00 A. M., close 7:30  
P. M.

Registry Division open at 7:30 A. M., close at 3:30  
P. M.

Money Order and Registry Division not open on  
Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS—

Sunday office open at 9:30 A. M., close 11:00 A. M.  
Main street office open at 10:00 A. M., close 1:00 P. M.

Mail collected at 4 P. M., throughout the city.  
Mail closes at 6 P. M., at box outside the post-office.  
Mail collected on holidays, 4:00 P. M., throughout  
the city.

EDWIN E. WYER, P. M.

## Fire Alarm Boxes.

- 10 Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St., Private.
- 21 Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
- 22 Cor. Main and Clinton St., Central Square
- 24 City Ambulance.
- 25 Cor. School and New Boston St.
- 26 Cor. Main and School St., North Woburn.
- 27 Junction Elm and Pearl St., North Woburn.
- 28 Main St., at Washington St.
- 29 Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
- 30 Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
- 31 Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
- 32 Main St., at Bedford St., Cambridgeville
- 33 Cor. Kilback and Winsor Sts.
- 34 Cor. Bedford and High Street.
- 35 Cor. Starling and Beacon Streets.
- 36 Cor. Main and Bedford St.
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- 98 Cor. Main and Bedford St.
- 99 Cor. Main and Bedford St.
- 100 Cor. Main and Bedford St.

One block from Bedford St., daily.

Three blocks from Bedford St., daily.

Five blocks from Bedford St., daily.

Seven blocks from Bedford St., daily.

Nine blocks from Bedford St., daily.

Eleven blocks from Bedford St., daily.

Thirteen blocks from Bedford St., daily.

Fifteen blocks from Bedford St., daily.

Seventeen blocks from Bedford St., daily.

Nineteen blocks from Bedford St., daily.

Twenty-one blocks from Bedford St., daily.

Twenty-three blocks from Bedford St., daily.

Twenty-five blocks from Bedford St., daily.

Twenty-seven blocks from Bedford St., daily.

Twenty-nine blocks from Bedford St., daily.

Thirty-one blocks from Bedford St., daily.

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Thirty-seven blocks from Bedford St., daily.

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Eighty-seven blocks from Bedford St., daily.

Eighty-nine blocks from Bedford St., daily.

Ninety-one blocks from Bedford St., daily.

Ninety-three blocks from Bedford St., daily.

Ninety-five blocks from Bedford St., daily.

## The Sheriff and the Chauffeur.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

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Literary Press.

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The farm gate creaked loudly, and

Annie Jane hopped out of bed and

ran to the window. Two triangular

patches of light on the driveway, fol-

lowed by a dark bulk, betrayed the

arrival of an automobile. The voices

of men raised in angry altercation

floated through the open window.

"Oh, dear! He's caught another

one," Annie Jane sighed as she

looked at the candle and proceeded to

brush her pretty brown hair.

The mirror reflected a lovely face,

full of sweetness and modesty, with

soft curves and enchanting dimples.

Her hair was only at home to take

turns with her.

"Annie Jane!" belated a voice up

the stairway. "You get dressed and

come down. I got another one of

those chaffers down here!"

"What?" Annie Jane asked. "What

chaffer?"

"The unhappy prisoner was lounging

in his chair tilted back against the wall.

He was also smoking a cigarette and

eying his wretched captor with good

natured tolerance. He jumped to his

feet when he saw Annie Jane, and the

cigarette performed a parabola into

the air.

"Sit down," roared Peter Lamson. "I

reckon you don't realize you're a pris-

oner, young man! Now, Annie Jane,"

he added, turning to the girl, "I'm go-

ing over to get the justice and have

him."

"You better let me take you over in

my car," interrupted the prisoner

eagerly.

The sheriff glared at him wrathfully.

"Yes, and when you get me out

of the room, you'll run right into me

just as a chaffer did with a sheriff

down Seaside way. As I said, Annie

Jane," he continued, turning his broad

back on the prisoner and addressing

his daughter, "I'm going to ride over

to Justice Winthrop's and get him

to come over. If he ain't home, I'll

get Smith. But I wanted Win-

throp to know I'm looking after

things on the Willow road."

"Oh, I say, sheriff," said the pris-

oner, withdrawing his hand from

Annie Jane's downcast face, "I'm

going to let you out of the jail."

"You keep still, young fellow!" thun-

dered Peter Lamson, unbending his

figure to its full height. "Now, you

understand that whatever you say

will be used against you. You

must learn that, young fellow. You

must learn that, young fellow. You

must learn that, young fellow. You

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The Best Bargain  
Ever Offered

**MAZ-ALL**

(Toasted Corn Flakes)

ONLY

**5c. package.**

**Boston Branch**  
Tea and Grocery House,  
**FRED. STANLEY**  
351 Main Street.  
TELEPHONE 109-1.

**CRACKS**

IN SKIN

**CHAPS**

ON HAND AND FACE.

**Rose Glycerine  
Lotion**

CURES. 25c. a Bottle

**Whitcher's** **PILL**  
**BOX**

28th year in use.  
U. S. Food and Drug Act,  
No. 17722.

**Dainty Stationery**  
Stylish Pocketbooks  
Choice Perfumes  
Fine Confectionery

Comprise part of our

**HOLIDAY LINE**

We shall be pleased to show these  
goods.

**F. P. BROOKS, Druggist,**  
361 Main Street,  
**WOBURN**

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

December 17, A. D. 1908.

Fourth District Court of Eastern Middlesex.

At a Court session and holden at Woburn in said  
County, on the seventh day of December, in the  
year one thousand nine hundred and eight, Charles  
P. French of Woburn, in said County, plaintiff,  
and Albert J. Buckley of Woburn, in the State of  
New Jersey, defendant. This is an action of  
contract to recover the sum of five hundred dollars,  
alleged to be due the plaintiff from the defendant,  
on the twenty-fourth day of November, A. D. 1908,  
as set forth by the plaintiff's writ of that date.

And it appearing to the Court by the suggestion  
of the plaintiff, and on inspection of the officer's  
return of the plaintiff's writ, that the defendant at  
the time of service of said writ had no just and  
sufficient place of abode, agent or attorney in this Commonwealth  
known to the plaintiff for the said officer, and  
that no person service of said writ has been made  
upon the defendant, it is ordered by the Court here,  
that the plaintiff give notice of the pendency of this  
action by causing an attested copy of this order to  
be published in the Woburn Journal, a newspaper  
printed and published once a week, three weeks  
successively, and that this action be continued to  
the twentieth day of January, next, or until order  
be given to the defendant, as aforesaid.

ARTHUR E. GAGE, Clerk.

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## THE ARAB'S HORSE.

How He Is Treated and Why He Exalts at Long Journeys.

It is most interesting to note the way the Arab treats his faithful friend, the horse. So insured indeed is the Arab upon his long usage and descent to the manner of life in the desert that even his own pony positively improved on the treatment, and I never saw him so fit as when he came back from the trip.

The Arab and his horse are by legend closely allied they are in point of fact even more intimately connected. His mount is his first thought and at all times by far the most interesting topic of conversation.

He is ungroomed, unclipped, unshowered, for the Arab prefers to shackle him by means of two ropes, a short cord connecting the fore and hind fetlocks and a long line tethering him above the hind fetlock to a peg in the ground. Thus he can move about or roll at leisure and should there be any rough herbage at hand can forage for it.

Perhaps one of the principal reasons why the Arab so exalts at long journeys is that he never worries himself, nor does he ever distress his mount, nor does he ever care to do so. He simply continues a steady walk all day and hardly ever gallops in the wild way in which one so often sees him depicted by artists—London Field.

### Bill's Specialty.

They found the old man sitting on the fence smoking his cornucopia.

"Howdy, pop! What's your son Jim doing these days?"

"Jim? Oh, he's running a telegraph key at the depot. Jim's an operator."

"And how's Zeke?"

"Zeke? Well, Zeke is captain of a lake steamer. He's a navigator."

"And Pete? Is he still living?"

"Oh, yes, Pete's working on an airship. He's what they call an aviator."

"Well, what has become of Bill. Is he doing anything?"

"The old man blew a quid of tobacco at a wide-eyed grasshopper."

"Yep, stranger, Bill's hanging around the house all day grumbling and complaining and saying the country's going to smash. Bill's just an aggravator—just a plain aggravator."

### The Tall Chimney.

It might puzzle the ordinary mortal to state in legal form just how much time and how much money he would require to take down a tall brick chimney. The contracting engineer would make it take itself down. After doing a small sum of arithmetic on his cuff he would direct certain portions of the base to be removed. The spaces thus left he would fill with a lot of very stout timbers, then remove the bricks which remained between them. Then he would set fire to the timbers and, watching from a safe distance with a camera, would take a snapshot of it as it fell—Scribner's.

### Grouchy.

"There is a movement on foot," said Mr. Snoope, "to prevent the marriage of weak-minded persons. What do you think of it?"

"I think it's rot," answered Mr. Grouchy. "Why, who else ever wants to get married?"—Cleveland Leader.

### An Easy Stunt.

"I see a young man is advertised to dance with five snakes twined about her."

"Should think she would. If a snake got on me I'd let it dance!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

### The Want of It.

"The love of money," quoted the moralizer, "is the root of all evil."

"That being the case," rejoined the demoralizer, "the want of money must be the full grown tree."—Exchange.

### Safe.

Hicks—You were dreadfully indiscreet to mention that important deal of ours to your wife. Wicks—Oh, it's all right! I didn't tell her it was a secret.—Boston Transcript.

### Possibly the chap who grows about the wash day dinner would have found more pleasing to his taste if he had done the washing.—Success.

### Musical.

**MAUDE H. LITTLEFIELD,**  
Piano-forte and Violin

### INSTRUCTION

79 Prospect St., Woburn.  
50° season opens Sept. 29.

### Artistic and Scientific

**MUSICAL INSTRUCTION**  
Mrs. Annie M. S. Lewis, Pianoforte  
Mr. F. Percival Lewis, Theory, Organ  
Private and Class Lessons in Woburn  
Address Winchester or consult in Woburn  
Union Station, Box 10, 11, 12, 13.

Abroad is the stage of history, but that is only because history made the too common mistake of not seeing America first.—Puck.

### Keeping Up the Limit.

In J. Conyns Carr's reminiscences is a characteristic anecdote of Burne-Jones, who had consulted his doctor about certain symptoms which seemed alarming.

"How many cigars do you smoke in a day?" the doctor inquired of his patient, to which Burne-Jones had carelessly replied, "Oh, I think about six."

"Well," replied his adviser, "for the present you had better limit yourself to three. And in detailing the incident to me afterward Burne-Jones added, with a chuckle, 'You know, my dear Carr, I never did smoke more than three.'"

### Nicotine.

"If excessive smoking alone could cause heart degeneration," writes a correspondent of the London Mail, "such cases would be common instead of extremely rare. The fact is that only an almost infinitesimal amount of nicotine is absorbed in smoking. An ordinary sized cigar or an ounce of smoking tobacco contains enough of this virulent poison to kill two men. The only reason all smokers are not killed at once is that the nicotine is destroyed in the combustion of the leaf."

### Procrastination.

"Why is procrastination said to be the thief of time?" asked the teacher.

"Cause it takes a fellow so long to say 'I,' answered the bright boy at the foot of the class.—Chicago News.

## ANGER IS DANGEROUS.

It Wrecks the Whole System and Tends to Shorten Life.

It is well known that a violent fit of anger affects the heart intensely, and psychophysicists have discovered the presence of poison in the blood immediately after such outburst. This explains why we feel so depressed, exhausted and nervous after any storm of passion—worry, jealousy or revenge—has swept through the mind. It has left in its wake vicious mental poison and other harmful secretions in the brain and blood.

There is no constitution so strong but it will ultimately succumb to the constant rocking and twisting of the nerve centers caused by an uncontrolled temper. Every time you become angry you reverse all of the normal mental and physical processes. Everything in you rebels against passion storms; every mental faculty protests against their abuse.

If people only realized what havoc indulgence in hot temper plays in their delicate nervous structure, if they could only see with the physical eyes the damage done as they can see what follows in the wake of a tornado, they would not dare to get angry.

When the brain cells are overheated from a fit of temper their efficiency is seriously impaired. It is absolutely ruined. The presence of the anger poison, the shock to the nervous system, is what makes the victim so exhausted and demoralized after loss of self control.—Orison Sweet Marden in Success Magazine.

## THE BACK OF THE NECK.

Make It Proof Against Drafts and Colds in the Head.

"When I was a boy," said a doctor, "I didn't believe in drafts. I thought that they who inhaled colds to drafts were cranks. But one November night at a concert I felt all the evening a strong draft on the back of my neck. It was so strong it resembled a letter pump. 'Now,' said I to myself, 'we'll see if this draft will give you a cold.'"

He shuddered.

"For a week," he said, "I was laid up with so vile a cold that I couldn't breathe save with my mouth open. And now I am satisfied that nine out of every ten colds are solely due to a draft on the back of the neck."

"I know how to prevent such colds. Hence I may practically say that I know how to prevent colds. It is a fact that none of my patients, thanks to my method, know what a cold is."

"They learn from me to do this—to bathe the back of the neck every morning in cold water. Thus the spot becomes hardened. It becomes draft proof."

"And when a new patient, peculiarly sensitive to colds, visits me, my peculiar treatment is to blow on the back of his neck with a bellows for several days in succession. The bellows, in conjunction with the icy douche, frees him from all future susceptibility. Thereafter his winters pass without that horrid winter pest, a bad cold."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

## Colored Preacher's Text.

A colored man in Atlanta, Ga., is a preacher on Sundays and a barber on week days. One of his customers makes it a rule to be first in the chair on Monday morning, when he is sure of being entertained by a resume of "Uncle Rastus." Sunday dissertation. At night the family always looked for the latest from the colored brother. This was one of his recent effusions: "Yesterday I took for my text 'Cleanliness an next to godliness,' and I dun reach my climax wid dis argument: 'Now, what day follows Sunday? Why, Monday. Monday is the day of the week when we get our hair cut. Monday comes next to Sunday; so, my brethren, that settles it that the words of my text are true, 'Cleanliness an nex' to godliness.'"

## Too Much Quiet.

On one occasion the bustling and energetic archbishop of York, Dr. MacLagan, wrote to the vicar in an outlying village suggesting that he should send his church for the purpose of giving the clergy of the district a "quiet day" for meditation and fraternal reunion. The witty vicar of this sleepy hamlet in the woods promptly replied:

"My Dear Lord Archbishop—Your very kind letter to hand, but what the vicar in this village want most in his spiritual life is not a 'quiet day,' but an earthquake."

## Indisvisible.

During a snowstorm on the Highland railway a train was held up for an hour or two. The guard, a cheery Scot, passed along the carriages trying to keep up the spirits of the passengers. And gentleman angrily complained that if the train didn't go on he would "bleed of cold."

"Talk my advice an' no' doe that," replied the guard. "Min' y', we charge a shillin' a mile for corpses!"—Dundee Advertiser.

## Sour Milk.

The milk was not of the desired sweetness one morning, and little Elmer pushed his glass away after taking a sip.

"What's the matter with the milk, Elmer?" asked his mother.

"I guess the cowman has been feeding his milk on pickles," was the reply.—Exchange.

## The Duel.

Gaston burst like a whirlwind upon his friend Alphonse. "Will you be my witness?" he cried.

"Going to fight?"

"No; going to get married."

Alphonse after a pause inquired, "Can't you apologize?"—Argonaut.

## Two Tragedies.

To a woman there are two tragedies. One is not getting the man she loves; the other is getting him.

—New York Herald.

## The Retort Final.

The gallant old lady in the stern of the boat had pestered the guide with her constant questions, and since they had started her neck it had been in the hands of the guide. The old lady suddenly exclaimed every possible point in fish and animal life, wood and personal history, when she suddenly asked one of these questions: "Why is it called a fish?"

"Fish, guide, guide," she exclaimed, "what makes that name stick in the water? No, guide—right over there!"

The guide was busy relating the old gentleman's hook and merely mumbled, "E-m-m-m."

"Guide," repeated the old lady in tones that were not to be denied, "hook right over there where I'm pointing and tell me what makes that funny streak in the water?"

The guide looked up from his baiting, with a sigh.

"That? Oh, that's where the road went across the ice last winter!"

Everybody's Magazine.

## NAVAL DISCIPLINE.

What the Sailor Will Do to Obtain Shore Leave.

As illustrating how men respond and adjust themselves to reward, or, what comes to the same thing, the maximum satisfaction for a given amount of effort, two instances that came under my observation while in the navy are very interesting. One cruise was made on a vessel whose executive officer was in most respects a very able man. Discipline in general was admirable. In arranging for shore leave of the enlisted men, however, he managed so as to arrange matters, strange as it may seem, that it was possible for a man in an inferior conduct grade to get more liberty than one of the best behaved men. This was of course entirely unnatural and came about from a combination of two separate systems. The reason was that naval regulations compelled the giving of at least a certain amount of shore leave to men in the second grade, while the system he was using actually allowed less to a man in the first grade. The result was that in a short time the bulk of the men were in the second conduct grade where they could get the most liberty.

At a later date, on another ship, the executive officer was an extremely able man, who had studied this question more carefully and was a great believer in making it worth while for the men to behave themselves and keep in a high conduct grade. He so arranged matters that if any man behaved himself sufficiently well and did all his work with high efficiency he could have an unusual amount of liberty. The result was that this ship had more than half its crew in what is known as the "special first class," and far away the largest percentage that ever came under my observation.—Walter M. McFarland in Engineering Magazine.

## A CLASH WITH TURNER.

Retort of the Print Seller Who Langed to See the Artist.

Turner, happening one day to pass a printshop, noticed in the window a copy of one of the engravings from his famous "Liber Studiorum." The print was in very dirty, ragged state. Entering the shop, Turner asked to see the master and when the man came forward proceeded at once to blame him in no measured terms for having neglected so valuable a print and for having allowed it to become so disfigured. The man protested that it was no fault of his, as he did but offer the engraving for sale in the same state in which he had bought it from some other dealer.

"This is what I have to do with it," answered the enraged artist.—It was I who drew the original of that print. My name is Turner, and I did every line of that engraving with my own hand. Now do you wonder that I am angry at seeing my work in so disgraced a state?"

"Indeed, sir," replied the print seller. "So you are the great artist himself! All my life long it has been my wish that I might some day have the good fortune to see Mr. Turner. Now that I have seen him I sincerely hope that I may never see him again."

## REGULATING BALLOONS.

France Made the First Laws Governing Aerial Traffic.

In 1871, when French balloons from beleaguered Paris were dropping on the "sacred soil" of Prussia, a royal decree declared them confiscable contraband of war. And on the conclusion of peace a measure was passed through the German reichstag which forbade under penalty of death any future similar aerial violation of German territory during time of war.

So long ago as 1830, again, balloon ascents were made illegal in Turkey, so far as regards Constantinople and forty miles around, and in 1872 the prohibition was extended to the whole of the Turkish empire. To France, however, belongs the distinction of having made the first laws for the regulation of aerial traffic. In 1784 it was solemnly decreed that nobody should be permitted to go up in a balloon without any other kind of aerostatic machine, which was worked by burning spirits of wine or any other means of making a fire.

Later, in 1811, it was enacted in France that the aerostatic ascension, whether free or captive, should be permitted to ascend with any species of furnace or stove, that no one should be allowed to ascend in a balloon unless he carried a parachute and that ascents were not to be begun later than one hour before sunset nor earlier than an hour after sunrise. Furthermore, no ascents whatever were to be undertaken during the gathering of the storm nor for six weeks prior thereto.

## The First New Woman.

"We new women are really not so new as we think we are," said one of them. "In the thirteenth century there were lots of us. Can anyone of 700 years old be new?" The University of Bologna had for professor of jurisprudence Movelina d'Andria. She was no more new than beautiful. Her charms were so overpowering that the trustees made her lecture behind a curtain. When she lectured openly the students, their minds wholly occupied with her beauty, could not attend to what she said. Madonna Mankolina was professor of anatomy, Matilda Trombont taught languages and Marie Magnest held the chair of mathematics. This university was by no means a second rate one. On the contrary, it was perhaps the leading university of Europe. It had 10,000 students.

## Called For the Author.

The Friars, an organization of the atypical press agents, dined a manager here conspicuous for his shrewdness and for his career. When the dining had been properly discussed the guest of honor amazed his hosts by making a speech notable not only for its grace and wit, but for some show of erudition. He sat down at last amid loud applause, when Augustus Thompson, at the same time joining the handclapping, shouted: "Author! Author!"—New York Tribune.

## Emotional England.

Ours is a nation of sentiment. We are probably more sentimental in a fearful way than any other country in Europe. The strongest man in England can weep when he hears a hymn that used to be played on the organ of the village church when he was a boy, but there is not a tear in the tears. They are not very salt.—London Ladies' Field.

## A True Heroine.

"What is your idea of a heroine, John?" asked the artist, as he looked up from the novel she was reading.

"A heroine, my dear," answered John, "is a woman who could talk back, but doesn't."—Chicago News.

## Helps Some.

Church—And has he done anything to relieve suffering humanity? Gotham—Oh, yes; he has sent his daughter abroad to take her singing lessons.—Yonkers Statesman.

## Birds That Make Incubators.

In the incubator the pale yellow chicks, their soft down yet quite dry in places, fell in their attempts to rise and walk, like men dead drunk.

"Father's mother," said the chicken farmer as an excited little head came out of an egg. "Wonderful things, these incubators. Would you believe that there's a bird that makes them?"

"Yes, sir; a bird that, mugged, makes its own incubator every time it has a nest of eggs. It isn't bothered, like other birds, with the long and monotonous work of sitting.

"The nespoopie hails from Australia, the Harrier nest country. Its incubator is a simple affair, merely a great mound of leaves. In these leaves it buries its eggs, knowing that in that hot, moist climate the leaves will ferment and in their fermentation give off just enough heat to hatch the chicks.

"Who can deny intelligence to this bird, which makes its own incubator to hatch out its own eggs?"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

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## Covell's Joke

By WILLIAM MORRIS, JR.

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All Balmoral, with the exception of Dan Betterley and his sister, thought Colonel Covell's joke a good one. The Betterleys were excepted because the joke was on Dan and the talk across the bar of the Brindle Pup saloon was hushed on those rare occasions when Betterley favored the place with his company. At other times men slapped each other on the back and roared as Covell detailed the progress of events. The joke had sprung from a careless remark made by Rob Henderson when Julie Betterley had refused to marry Howard Wetton on the ground that she did not want to leave Ben alone to keep house in bachelor discomfort. "Some one would do better to propose a personal favor by marrying off Ben," suggested Henderson, and the rest of the crowd shouted with delight at the idea of the silent Benjamin marrying.

"But he wouldn't know how to ask a girl," suggested Colonel Covell. "Some one would have to pop the question for him. By John Rogers," he added, "I think I'll do it for him. I've a maiden aunt back east who's been crazy to get married for more years than I've been living. I'll tell her to marry her nephew, Ben, and she'll be about sixty now."

"She's got a little money, and she may think that he's marrying her for that," he said. "We'll carry along the same old photograph for him, and then we'll let Ben get the answer or else we'll bring the old lady on and let him fight it out with her."

"That would be great," declared Henderson approvingly. "Let her walk right up to him and put her arms around his neck and say 'Darling! I'll bet that will scare him into talking.'"

"I'll be one to help pay the old lady's traveling expenses on this here excursion," he said. "I'll write the first letter. 'What will it cost?'"

"Say \$100," suggested Covell as he took off his hat and threw in \$20. In a few minutes more than the needed sum had been realized, and, calling for pen and paper, Covell wrote the first letter, while the rest of the crowd looked on.

Betterley was not disliked in Balmoral, but his taciturn ways and his refusal to make one of the crowd that nightly thronged the Brindle Pup saloon marked him apart from the rest. Hence the crowd was willing to pay for the pleasure of seeing his amazement when his undesirable bride elect should appear.

Unmindful of all postal regulations, the postmaster agreed to let Covell have the letters addressed to Dan Betterley should any come from the little New England town where Miss Adora Dedrick lived. Presently it came, a heavy letter in which Miss Dedrick expressed a willingness to correspond with a man so well recommended by Cousin Covell.

"I guess she's forgotten you, Col," suggested Henderson when this line was received, but Covell wrote him appreciatively and continued to read.

There was little to laugh at in the letter. Indeed, more than one in the crowd wished there was some one back east who would write letters like that to him, but Covell's vivid description of the village of Alderbrook and the thought of what Dan would say when she arrived kept the joke alive during the correspondence that followed. Finally when Miss Dedrick wrote that she was sending her picture and the accompanying photograph proved to be that of a comely girl scarcely out of her teens Covell rolled on the floor in his delight.

"Cousin Adora was that old before they knew how to take a picture," he insisted. "She must have begged this of a photographer. I think that it's time to spring the joke now. We'll send her the money to come on and ask her to start at once. Dan will read this picture, and we'll tell her Adora comes. I reckon he'll be some surprised."

Covell laboriously indited a lengthy letter, in which he declared Dan's inability to wait longer for his bride and begging her to come at once.

A few days later a telegram telephoned from the railroad town to camp announced her start, and when they had learned the sense of the message the plotters allowed it to be delivered, without any more time Miss Adora's last letter and her picture, were placed back in the postoffice and delivered to Dan that evening.

The Brindle Pup kept open until 4 o'clock in the morning, and the rest of the evening news might be learned, but Dan gave no sign that he was disturbed. A scout reported that his shack was in darkness.

"I don't think I'd lose sleep myself," admitted Henderson, "but I suppose I took him rather sudden that some one's doing his courting for him, but he's willing to make good for his unknown friend with the original of that photograph."

"Wait until you see what he draws," reminded Covell. "He'll go some shy of sleep when Cousin Adora gets after him with all those letters. She'll never believe that he didn't write them."

"The thought cheered the disappointed ones, and even when Dan was quietly to his claim on the morrow and did not even ask the postmaster about the letter they chuckled as they thought of the awakening that was in store for him.

Every man in the camp was on hand when the message came over from Buxton three days later. The driver waved his hat three times as a signal that the bride had arrived, and they were all lined up about the front of the hotel where they could watch Ben and his sister without being so near that he might suspect something.

There was a tense moment when the veiled figure descended from the interior of the stage, but a murmur of disappointment followed when it was seen that a heavy automobile veil was impenetrable.

Dan came forward, and the arrival turned to him. He led her up to his sister, and the three climbed into the Betterley hutch and were off to Dan's shack before the camp fairly realized that it was being robbed of its fun.

"It's going to be curious when she takes off that there veil," said Henderson, with a sigh. "It's a good mean that we can't declare in on the deal. I sort of feel that I've been cheated."

"Same here," chimed another voice, and though Covell urged that there

still would be plenty of fun, he was decidedly unpopular for the moment. In an effort to change the humor of the crowd he invited them over to the Brindle Pup, and they were there for the drink of his expense when Dan Betterley strode in and drew Covell to one side.

"Look here," he said quietly, but with a ring of determination in his voice. "Dora has been asking for Cousin Covell, and I suppose that means you. If it does, you are at the bottom of this trick. I want to know what it all means."

"It was a sort of joke," explained Covell, who did not appear to be greatly enjoying the "joke." "Some of the boys thought that you ought to be married, so I told you that I had a Cousin Adora back east who's been waiting to be married for the last fifty years, so I thought I'd make the whole lot of you happy and—"

"And you did the writing," concluded Dan. "From what Dora says I gather that there were a number of letters I never saw. I want to see them. Some one would do better to extract the package of letters and silently turned them over to Betterley."

"I suppose you know what the punishment is for illegal use of the mails?" he asked, raising his voice. "The first fifty years, so I thought I'd make the whole lot of you happy and—"

"You won't have to," said Covell. "Your wife's ears to the effect that she was the victim of a rotten practical joke will bring a postal inspector here who will see that you get what's coming to you."

"Your wife?" gasped Covell. "You don't mean to say that you're going to marry that mummy?"

"Doesn't the fact that you are still alive argue that?" asked Betterley. "I fell in love with her photograph just as Dora did with mine, and I was well content to make the match you so amiably planned."

"She looks like that photograph?" asked Covell indignantly. "It doesn't half do her justice," declared Betterley fondly. "The Adora Dedrick that you have been corresponding with became Mrs. Henry Sprague some ten years ago. And Adora is her niece, her brother's child, named after her. She was the only Miss Adora Dedrick, and she received the letters. She wants to see her cousin, and if you dare hint anything when you come up there."

"You won't have to," said Covell humbly. "I've acted like a bound puppy, Dan. You needn't be afraid. I'm only too glad the joke's been switched."

"Same here," said Betterley, more contentedly. "You fellows come up to-night. There's going to be a double wedding, for now Julie can marry Wetton. You're a pretty good joke, Cousin!"

"I said no joke," declared Covell, with more emphasis than grammar. "I'm one of them pretty pink kids that they have on valentines—and I'm rather good at the job too."

**The Poverty Ridden.**

Was there ever a more heartbreaking problem than that of being poor and yet looking prosperous? Far better be a poor man with a pair of leather boots and a pair of leather gloves, and that is one great reason why the country is in Galway or Cattaraugus or Posey county is a better place to be poor in than the city. A man is a man there, even if blue drilling jumpsuits are his best.

Barring a condition of actual, gripping want from which may God save all who were made in his image—there are no people in the world so fortunate as those who have made up their mind to be poor and happy together. Nor is there anywhere a man so cursed as he who can no longer live in the simple society in which he was born and yet yearns for it.—New York Mail.

**The Beginning and the End.**

The beginning is three or four weeks previous to election. Two adherents get to talking politics over their beer, and one finally says:

"Well, Jim, I think I know the sentiment of the people, and I'm willing to bet my candidate will be elected."

"He doesn't stand an earthly show," "Money talks."

"How much will you put up?" "Five dollars."

"Done."

And two or three days after the election the daily paper informs its readers:

"Among those who had a clear insight into the temper of the electors throughout the country is Alderman Thomas, who backed his acumen with his money and is a winner to the extent of \$30,000."—Baltimore American.

**Vain Pride.**

"Well, how do you think this looks?" asks Mr. Blander, coming into his wife's boudoir while she is arranging her coiffure.

"How does what look?" she inquires in tones that are muffled by some hair-pin she has been seen her lips.

"I got this toupee to correspond with my suit. I'm always catching cold and—"

"Why, John James Blander! The very idea!" she exclaims. "I thought you were a man who was above such petty vanity. When a man becomes so self-conscious of his looks it has really a suspicious appearance."

Whereupon Mr. Blander takes off the toupee and combs the four long locks of hair over his bald spot, and his wife continues to pin on the pearls and rubs the puff so enhance her beauty.—Chicago Post.

**The Romans Invented Horsepower.**

The Romans, among whom agriculture was a highly favored occupation, were inventors of the horse, especially in the matter of labor saving machines. Recognizing the drudgery of hand mills, they invented those whose motive power was imparted by asses, mules and oxen and introduced them into all the countries conquered by their victorious armies. There is no positive record of the name of the originator of this improvement in milling.

**An Appeal For Mercy.**

"Judge," said the prisoner, "I suppose you're going to ask me."

"You are a habitual offender," replied the judge; "were caught with the stolen goods, you will have to do the painful duty."

"I don't want to seem unreasonable," replied the prisoner. "I don't mind a long sentence, I'm used to it. But say, judge, cut out the lecture that usually comes with it, won't you?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

**The Brute.**

"Yes, this room is dark, damp and positively uninhabitable. It is supplied for your wife's mother. If she has any."

"She has. I'll take the flat."—Boston Traveller.

## OLD TIME TURKEY EAT

A Once Popular Feast in the Pennsylvania Mountains.

GONE WITH THE WOODSMEN.

The People, Traditions and Associations That Made It Possible Are No More, and It Joins in Oblivion the Apple Cut and Quilting Bee.

"It isn't because there is no more matter in the Blue Mountain region of Pennsylvania to provide a turkey eat that we have had the last of those famous festivities," said a former dweller of the district described, "for there are still wild turkeys aplenty. On the turkey eat has gone out with the passing of the people whose homes, traditions and manner of life made it possible and with the occupation that was once theirs."

In the days when the turkey eat was the great winter festival in the mountain districts between the Schuylkill and the Juniata watersheds the spot a population was chiefly of rude and rugged woodmen and their families, and the turkey eat was a descendant of pure Pennsylvania Dutch stock. Scores of them depended almost entirely on their skill with gun and trap for their food supply.

"The cabins of these mountaineers were built of logs, the chimneys between which were filled with clay. A huge stone chimney rose at one end of the cabin outside, covering that entire end, while on the inside it opened on a broad fireplace across that end of the room."

The cabin was banked all around with earth, against which hemlock and pine boughs were heaped. Sometimes rows of cord wood were piled up almost to the eaves, the better to keep out the cold, which is always intense during winter on those wind swept hills.

"There was rarely a cabin with more than one room. The walls were dark and smoky, and from rafters or beams hung plentiful strips of jerked venison and chunks of smoked bear meat, along with hams and bacon from the family pigs fattened in the woods and almost as wild as the bear and the deer. But the choicest and best beloved thing of the cabin'sarder was the fat and well frozen wild turkey."

"While the woodsmen's cabin was always prepared for a turkey eat, it never knew when it was coming. A turkey eat began with the making up of a party in a neighboring village or settlement. Talking about a turkey eat, they would appear at this, that or the other woodsmen's cabin of a winter evening, and the woodsmen and his family did the rest."

"Instantly the birch wood pile of elder came for use. While the cabin's guests drank cider the host prepared and spitted the turkey over the flicking coals in the fireplace to roast for the feast. When it was ready for the table it was placed before the guests on a big tin platter. Each guest took for himself, the plates being squares of birch bark."

"The turkey eat was not complete, though, without a liberal supply of 'pann haus' and head cheese, and when the feast was overed of rice bread and butter. Pann haus is a strictly Pennsylvania Dutch creation."

"It is made from the rich juices left after boiling the ingredients for head cheese, these being thickened to a sauce with buckwheat flour. Turkey is pressed in forms until cold and is served in slices. It is a dull blue in color, very rich and very good."

"After the feast the turkey eat was rounded out by a night of jolly supper, induced by the fiddle and maintained by it in its music for the old fashioned cotillon figures and reels, which were danced until the gray of morning."

"But most of those old time woodsmen have passed away, and the who are still dwellers in the mountains the game laws have forced a situation that leaves them with their ancient occupation gone, and the hunt being no longer a source of maintenance its traditions have been swept of the earth. The new generation of these people is of other tastes and associations, so while the wild turkey is yet in proximity in that Blue mountain region to supply the material for the festive turkey eat it is destined to become a thing of the past, and it is gone, like the apple cut, the quilting bee, the pig killing frolic and others of the old rural pastimes that are now but a memory."—New York Sun.

**Hot Stuff.**

The great editor looked up impatiently.

"Boy," he said, "what is that rustling in the wastebasket—a mouse?"

The boy after examining the basket answered:

"No, sir; it's one of them poems of passion throbbin'."

"Well, pour some water on it and then drop it out of the window," said the editor. "The building isn't insured."—Kansas Independent.

**Cheap Riding.**

Uncle Zeke took to the city—You talk about cheap riding? I rode twenty miles on a street k'yar, an' all it cost me was a nickel.

Uncle Jed—Gosh! That ain't no ride! When I was that last year I rode to the top of the tallest buildin' in town, an' it didn't cost me a blamed cent!—Chicago Tribune.

**He who has once done you a kindness will be more ready to do you another than he whom you yourself have obliged.**—Holmes.

**The Editor's Sally.**

City Editor—What do you mean by saying in this robbery story that Brown was knocked down and robbed of a hundred dollars? Were you ever robbed yourself? New Reporter—No, sir, City Editor—That accounts for it. If you'd been robbed you wouldn't describe the loss of a hundred dollars as a relief.—St. Louis Republic.

**His Line of Study.**

"My boy is undecided about what collegiate course to take."

"What would you advise?"

"That depends. Does he want to build up his back muscles or to wind up?"—Kansas City Independent.

**Cheaper.**

Servant—Please, sir, missus wants you to send for the plumber, 'cos she's dropped her diamond ring down the bath pipe. Mr. Nurich—Tell your mistress not to be ridiculous. I'll buy her another diamond ring!—London Mail.

**Penitence.**

I'd invite you home to dinner with me, but we have no cook. Klonas—And I'd invite you home with me, but we have one.—Cleveland Leader.

## HIS LIFE FOR A HAND.

An English Legend of the Time of the Crusades.

In a little town or village in Gloucestershire there is a church which contains the mortal remains of one of the old crusaders. In moldering effigy he is depicted on the tomb, while by his side in cold conformation is the figure of his wife. It will be noticed by even the casual observer that the female image is bereft of one of the hands, and the story runs that the crusader while fighting in the east was as a soldier captured and brought before Saladin, who, before executing judgment upon him, asked him if there was any reason why he should not be put to death. To this the knight replied that he was but young and would lose a lovely wedded wife, who would bitterly mourn his loss.

"The love of woman is as a fleeting breath," retorted the sultan. "You would forget that you have ever lived; she will love again and marry another." To this the knight could only reply that on his fidelity he could rest his soul. "Well, then," replied Saladin, "I will promise on my word as a soldier to give you a hand, which will cut off one of her hands and send it to me. I will set him free to go to her." By tedious and slow journeyings the message came, and she, in all piteousness for him who was her lover and her lord, caused her hand to be cut off and sent it to the sultan, who kept his word and set the crusader free.—London Notes and Queries.

**RISE OF DIALECT.**

Source of the Expressions "Stig 'Im!" and "Slick 'Em!"

When a boy in some parts of New England has occasion to set his dog upon any one or anything he exclaims, "Stig 'im!" "Stig 'im!" The New York boy or the boy of the west generally says, "Slick 'em!" "Slick 'em!" To the western boy the command "Stig 'Im!" sounds absurd; it provokes his laughter. But his own command is equally amusing to the New England boy.

This little difference illustrates the beginning of local dialect. Probably neither boy thinks of the exact meaning of what he says. He is merely repeating words he has heard of, and use, which he is sure, from their frequent repetition, that the dog will understand.

The boy who says "Slick 'em!" is repeating a corruption only one degree removed from the original "Stig 'im!" which is a very old command. "Stig 'Im!" is a corruption one degree further removed from its original than "Slick 'em!" It began with "Take 'im!" which was varied by the use of "set" before the "im." From this to "Stig 'im!" was an easy step, and the more easily pronounced "Stig 'Im!" was the next corruption.—Boston Transcript.

**A Perfect Chicken Pie.**

Cut into a round chicken. Boil in enough water until tender, adding, when half done, one teaspoonful salt. Take out the chicken, keep warm and thicken the liquid with one tablespoonful each of flour and butter, and add a dash of lemon juice. Pour the sauce over the chicken, and bake for five minutes. Take one quart of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a little salt and one cup of butter and mix as for biscuit. Take half, roll a fourth of an inch and spread the other half over the sides to turn over the upper crust. Put in the chicken, pour over gravy, cover with the upper crust, with a large hole in the center for steam to escape, wet the edges and fold over the upper crust and press the sides together. Spread soft butter over the top and bake about two hours in a moderate oven.—Boston Post.

**"Chance."**

When you talk of chance you are only confessing ignorance. The very word is a confession of our own helplessness, and the word is a confession of our own helplessness, and the word is a confession of our own helplessness.

"Chance" is a word which is used to denote a thing which is not under our control, and which is not under our control, and which is not under our control.

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## Behman's Compromise.

By W. F. Bryan.

Copyrighted, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.

For a third time the "By Request" sign was hung in front of the music stand, and as Arthur Behman came slowly down the stairs from the restaurant on the upper deck the strains of "The Merry Widow" waltz filled the social hall. Behman felt.

It was not so bad on the forward deck, where the scraping of catgut was replaced by the music of the waltzes. Now and then the deep toned whistle sounded above the noise of the water, but a faint breeze from the deck ahead carried off the sound of the man made music.

It was cool, almost cold, on the forward deck, and considerations of comfort as well as culture held the people inside the cabin. Behman was glad that it was so.

He had the deck to himself, so he lit a cigar and took a camp chair well ahead of the deck lights, shaded to ward the low that the port lights which he had been more easily seen by other boats.

There was no moon, but the stars shone brightly in the cloudless sky, and the Milky way, like some phanton banner, streamed across the blue expanse of the sky. The water was dark, or one tone of the land, and here and there the lights of the beacons winked solemnly into the night.

There was the smell of salt in the air, the tang of the sea that Behman loved, and he had been in it weeks he loved most knew content.

It was worth while, this communion of the night and the sea, and Behman was grateful to the musicians who had driven him from the cabin, with its cheerful lights and chairs and its gapping occupants.

Somewhere inside sat Nell Wheaton. He had seen her in the dining saloon, and he had taken a seat close to the stairs, and the music that he might be as far from her as possible.

He had no mind to let her think that he would seek to attract her attention. He knew that she had learned that her jealousy was entirely without foundation. It was her place to speak first, and she was in there, with other tourists, listening to the band.

He was better off here in the cool of the summer evening. It was a symbol perhaps. He was far better off, after all, even if she had broken the engagement, than he would be if that life was no longer worth the living.

Down on the lower deck a boyish laugh rang out. Half a dozen youngsters were crowded into the sharp bow and were leaning over the rail watching the white foam fall of water on either side of the prow.

Their voices came to Behman vaguely and indistinctly, and he smiled indulgently as he caught the note of youth and love of life. He had felt like a boy himself once, and he knew how it felt.

Now he was a man who would carry through life the thought that a woman's jealousy and a woman's pride had spoiled his career. Let the boys laugh, let them enjoy their youth, but he would come all too soon.

Behman found it rather pleasant to sit and dream of the last few weeks. He was at the stage where self-commiseration is a habit to wounded pride, and he was in the grip of the despair that had resulted in the breaking of the engagement by Nell Wheaton, assuring himself that his course had been blameless.

Surely it was Nell's place to speak, and he was in the grip of the despair that had resulted in the breaking of the engagement by Nell Wheaton, assuring himself that his course had been blameless.

He was at the stage where self-commiseration is a habit to wounded pride, and he was in the grip of the despair that had resulted in the breaking of the engagement by Nell Wheaton, assuring himself that his course had been blameless.

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He was at the stage where self-commiseration is a habit to wounded pride, and he was in the grip of the despair that







## The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.

FRIDAY, JAN. 8, 1909.

## THE NEW ADMINISTRATION.

At 3 o'clock last Monday afternoon, January 4, 1909, the Woburn city government for the current year was duly inaugurated, and the machinery of the new Administration was properly set in motion. The ceremonies were held in the Council Chamber in City Hall, which was not spacious enough by half to accommodate the great crowd of people who assembled there, expectant, or, at least, hopeful, of witnessing the exercises and hearing Mayor Daniel W. Bond's Inaugural Address.

At 2 o'clock the City Council of 1908 held a final meeting and closed up their work for the year; and, an hour later, the Council of 1909 met. The meeting was called to order by City Clerk John H. Finn, who, after reading the election records, administered the oath of office to Mayor Bond and the Aldermen.

Before the Inaugural Address was begun Rev. Henry C. Parker, pastor of the Unitarian church, seated up to the Throne of Grace an appropriate petition, accompanied by thanks for services received, which were listened to with marked respect by those who were fortunate enough to get within earshot of the Minister. At no organization of a new Woburn City Administration have a larger number of prominent citizens assembled to witness the ceremonies than at this of 1909. Mr. Bond is Woburn born; has been for years a prominent manufacturer; is popular; and, naturally, more than ordinary interest was felt in what he might have to say to the public on taking the reins of government last Monday.

To be entirely frank it is proper to make the announcement that the JOURNAL, as a general rule, is not overly fond of Inaugural Addresses, and usually declines a perusal of them, from those of our National Presidents to the compositions of city Mayors; but that of Mayor Bond last Monday was different. It was a treat of practical subjects by a practical man, and both theme and treatment were instructive and entertaining. The subjects discussed in the Address were Police, Schools, Assessors Department, Board of Health, Fire Department, Almshouse and Relief of Poor, Water Department, Mott Suppression, Side walks, Highway Department, Sewer Department, Playground, and Indus trial, each of which was handled from a business man's standpoint in a businesslike manner.

Although no more than they had a right to expect from former declarations and election pledges, the Noliense Party will be pleased to read the following from Mayor Bond's pen taken under the head of Police in his Address:

"Under the Noliense policy adopted by the city, the work of enforcing the law will call for the greatest vigilance on the part of the police. I shall expect of them impartial and fearless performance of their duty."

Mayor Bond is not lacking in confidence respecting the integrity and efficiency of his Police, nor in the united ability of the Executive and the Force to preserve order and enforce the laws, including that prohibiting liquor selling. There can be no doubt at all but that the policy and course of Mayor Bond, while in office, in regard to the sale of intoxicating drinks will be continued by Mayor Bond.

In his sound and excellent Address Mayor Bond talked at length upon Woburn's industrial conditions, and, speaking from a long and active experience in the leather business, he sketched the growth of the industry which has given to Woburn the name of Leather City. He said in closing: "As regards the future of our principal industry, our close proximity to Boston, the greatest shoe and leather market in the world; with tide water only 10 miles away insuring cheap coal; and our skilled workmen, thus which there is no question in the land; places us in a position to compete with other sections. I predict a more prosperous future for Woburn in this industry, and while we have not advanced with Salem and Peabody in this particular line of leather trade, local conditions having been against us, I believe the tide has turned, and at the present time parties with ample capital are looking to us with a possibility of doing business here."

"I hope there will be at no distant day an organization to study our conditions, possibilities and advantages as a manufacturing center. Such an organization should have a competent Secretary, who should be well paid, and devote his entire time and energy to advertising our conditions and advantages, and in securing manufacturing interests to locate here."

As declared above, Mayor Bond's Inaugural Address last Monday afternoon in the City Council Chamber, was a practical, commonsense treatment of subjects connected with our local government of real importance to the welfare of our city, and, as such, is worthy of a prominent page in Woburn's political history. It has, no doubt, been read by many people with genuine interest.

## THE ORGANIZATION.

Immediately after the finish of the Mayor's excellent Address the Board of Aldermen elected to serve the present year met and organized for business.

Mr. Edward E. Lynch was elected President of the Council, and John H. Finn, Clerk.

William A. Lynch was elected Clerk of the Council.

In the case of Auditor there was no choice, Holland and Corry receiving 7 votes each, and D. L. Sullivan 1. The matter was postponed to the next meeting, when, it is probable, either Corry or Holland will be elected.

The business terminated somewhat contrary to public expectations, for the Democrats, who are a majority of the Board, had declared that they would make a clean sweep of the offices.

At 4 o'clock, p. m. the Board of Public Works were called to order by Mayor Bond, who is, ex officio, Chair-

man of the Board, and the following assignments made by him: Commissioner Kennedy was made Vice Chairman. Public Buildings and Grounds, Kelley; Sewers, Carey; Streets, Kennedy; Water, Conway.

Mayor Bond's address contained few recommendations, and comprised a brief review of the work of the several municipal departments.

## THE LEGISLATURE.

The Great and General Court of Massachusetts for 1909, assembled and organized at the State House in Boston last Wednesday, Jan. 6.

Hon. Allen T. Treadway was chosen President of the Senate; and Joseph Walker was elected Speaker of the House.

The Inauguration of the new State Government took place on Thursday, Jan. 7.

Representative Killam of this District was appointed Chairman of the House Standing Committee on Water Supply; and Fred F. Walker was placed on two Committees, that of Agriculture, and also, of Prisons.

Rep. Killam was also, given a place on the Committee on Drainage, same as last year.

We have lately heard that Mayor Blodgett is to be appointed a member of the Board of License Commissioners by Mayor Bond, which, if true, will be good news to the friends of temperance and noliense in this city. They had hoped that the gentleman to whom the appointment was offered by Mayor Blodgett months ago would accept it; but he finally declined the honor, and the appointment was left to Mayor Bond, who, by agreement, will tender it to Mr. Blodgett, and by him will be accepted. No more judicious appointment, or one more gratifying to the temperance sentiment of this city, could have been determined on; and for the acceptance of it Mr. Blodgett certainly deserves the thanks of those inhabitants who have the welfare of the city uppermost in their thoughts and desires.

Discussing telephone matters the Boston Transcript has this to say about the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company: The capital stock outstanding on Oct. 31, 1908, was \$85,624,000, an increase of \$3,926,200 since Jan. 1, 1908. The stock has been sold from \$105 to \$129. The Company are now subject to the requirements of the Massachusetts Highway Commission and at its suggestion certain decided reductions were made in some classes of service. Under the same direction a physical valuation of the plant has been in process, which is expected to give elaborate data for a reasonable revaluation of the question of rates in the future. The dividend rate has been 6 per cent since 1893, but there is some expectation that it will be increased.

City Treasurer John C. Buck is too solidly and safely entrenched in the good graces of the business men and principal taxpayers of this city for any political party, or faction, to undertake to oust him out of the office he has filled so long, faithfully, and ably; and therefore, the new Democratic Board of Aldermen did not attempt it. Not only is the office work of the city treasurer done in a workmanlike manner, but the Treasurer is pronounced one of the soundest financiers in this city.

## LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.  
Geo. O'Brien—Oil.  
C. E. Shattuck—Clairton.

Woburn Post, 161, G. A. R. and W. R. C. 161, held a joint installation of officers last Monday evening.

Marcus H. Cotton, DDGM, and Suite installed officers of Grand United Lodge, I. O. O. F., at Lowell last Tuesday evening.

All true Woburn patriots are joining hands and putting the best foot forward to celebrate Lincoln Day, Feb. 12, in a loyal and befitting manner.

Many a "Wish you a Happy New Year" message was received by the JOURNAL, for all of which the senders will please accept our thanks.

The 12 days which constitute the Christmas season expired last Tuesday. They have been mellow ones from Dec. 25 to Jan. 5, inclusive, and light on cobwebs.

Thanks to Dr. Eph Cutter for valuable medical documents. He stands at the head of the profession in this country, and is favorably known in Europe.

E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

George O'Brien the Oil Man, has a card in this paper which is well reading. He deals in the best of oil, and it is right at the doors of his customers, and is always reliable.

The weather has been so "mixed" and unseasonable since the arrival of the new year that it would be unsafe to assert whether, or not, we are to have the usual "January thaw" this month.

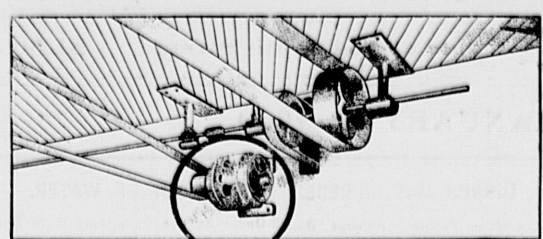
At the meeting of the School Board last Monday evening for organization, Mr. Herbert B. Dow was elected Chairman for 1909 by a unanimous vote. Assignment of committees was made.

Renewals of subscriptions to the JOURNAL are coming in with a promptness quite satisfactory and encouraging to its publisher. This doesn't look as though the times are so very hard as some people would fain make them out to be.

The following officers of the Cummingsville Y. P. S. C. E. have been elected: Wallace Turner, President; Margaret L. Hammond, Vice-President; Laura W. Morrow, Recording Secretary; Andrew Harrow, Treasurer; Lucinda Latham, Organist.

The Daniel March Loyal Temperance Legion will hold its first meeting in the Congregational church, on Saturday afternoon, January 9th, at 1:30 o'clock. We hope to greet all former members, seniors and juniors. All children over six years of age are cordially invited.—L. T. L. Supt.

## WANTED—MORE FLOOR SPACE.



FLOOR SPACE COSTS MONEY—It is what you buy and must have for Machinery, Stock and Working Space.

ELECTRIC MOTORS GIVE YOU FLOOR SPACE—Use the Smallest Area for the Most Power.

ELECTRIC MOTORS—Never Strike, Never Get Sick, No Steam, No Coal, No Ashes, No Vacations, No Charge for Over-time.

Start with a Switch—5 or 100 feet away.

Telephone Us To-day.

Edison Electric Illuminating Co.,

Phone—Oxford 3300

39 Boylston Street, Boston.

—The Woburn people who were present at the dedication of the new

Charlestown Armory last Friday evening

were Mayor and Mrs. Blodgett,

Capt. McCarthy and Lt. Graham of

Co. G, 5th Regt., and Justin Mc

Carthy.

—Trinity Parish held their annual

election last Monday evening at the

Parish House. Under Rector Osmond's

intelligent direction and good work,

spiritual and temporal Trinity church

is making satisfactory progress in all

directions.

—At the meeting of the School

Board last Monday evening the ques

tion of the form the Lincoln Day

observance should take was left to the

High School Committee, of which

Herbert B. Dow is Chairman, and the

G. A. R. Posts.

—Mrs. Nellie Gilbert poured at the

tea provided at the meeting of the

Woman's Club on Friday afternoon,

Jan. 1. Mrs. Emma M. Low had

charge of the refreshments feature of

the entertainment. The Club were

very much pleased with the lecture.

—Mr. Parker Eaton, junior at

Post 161, G. A. R. headquarters,

was taken suddenly and quite seriously

ill a few evenings ago at the Hall; but

soon regained his usual state of health.

Mr. Eaton is a Veteran of the Civil

War, and his age is nearly 83 years.

—The Sportsmen's Show, which

ran for 10 days in Mechanic's Build

ing, Boston, closed last Tuesday night.

It proved a signal success from the

start. Many Woburn people visited

it, one of the chief promoters having

been Major J. M. Portal of this city.

—After a nice long holiday vaca

tion our city schools went to work

again last Monday in sober earnest.

Reports of progress in all of them

are favorable and encouraging. They

are in good hands, both as respects

the Board of Education and the teaching

force.

—A note from Mrs. Annie B.

Phillips informs us that that estimable

lady passed the holiday season, in

peace and plenty, at her present home

in Littleton, this State. Mrs. Phillips

was, for several years, bookkeeper for

City Collector John G. Maguire, and

popular in that office.

—The days have stretched out quite

a little, their increase seeming to be

more apparent at sunset than at its

rise, although such is not really true.

Rut, at any rate the lengthening of day

light imparts a more cheerful feeling,

as a general rule, than the clipping of

it at both ends in the late Fall and

early Winter.

—The birds have got along very

nearly for food so far this Winter.

With the exception of a few days

in December when the ground was

covered with a thin mantle of snow,

the birds have found but little difficulty

in getting at the sources of their food

supply up to the present date, Jan. 6,

and are, therefore, fat and apparently

happy.

—At the close of the joint installa

tion ceremonies of Post 161, G. A. R.

and W. R. C. 161, last Monday

evening Mrs. L. J. DeLoria, in

behalf of the Corps, presented the Post

with a purse containing \$50.

In returning to brief speeches, in social

intercourse, and partaking of good

refreshments, a pleasant evening was

passed by the Post, Corps, and guests

of each.

—C. E. Smith's real estate agency

has sold the Mary Wyman property,

No. 668 Main St. consisting of single

house, stable, carriage house, with

about one acre of land. The purchaser

is Mr. L. Temple of Woburn, who

will improve and occupy. The same

agency has sold to R. F. Smith of

Somerville the single house, No. 5

Flagg street and about 4,000 feet of

land. The new owner will improve

for investment.

—Mayor Blodgett's great dinner to

the Woburn City Council and Board of

Public Works at Young's Hotel in

Boston last Saturday evening was a

marvelous success from start to finish.

Nearly all of both Boards were present

and partook joyfully of the Mayor's

hospitality, and applauded lustily the

oratory it gave rise to. There was a

fine showing of ardent spirits seated

around the festive Board, but none of

the kind the sale of which is prohib

ited in Woburn. The absence of

Woburn newspaper men gave the ban

quet rather an incomplete appearance,

and might have, although that is not

probable, shorn the delightful occasion

of a few of its most attractive features.

In this entertainingly Woburn's

Public Functionaries our then esteemed

Mayor exhibited a mellow heart and

open hand which are, in the highest

degree, commendable in a public

official.

—Mr. A. Willoughby of Jones

Court, 86 years old, has recovered from

an illness of two months, and is again

circulating among his friends and

neighbors. He divides his homestay

between Woburn and Rockland,

Maine, where he has relatives, and

enjoys life. Mr. Willoughby is one of

the best and most active men of his

age in this city—as straight as a gun

barrel, elastic of step, and with all

faculties unimpaired! Long life to

him!

—Boston Transcript, Jan. 1: Dr.

Aaron H. Parker, for many years a

prominent dentist of Boston, died early

this morning at the family home at 46

Varney street, Brookline, in which

town he had lived for the past twenty

years. Dr. Parker was born in Woburn

seventy-two years ago. He

studied his profession at the Harvard

Dental School and had carried on

dentistry in Boston for thirty years.

The above name does not appear

in Edward F. Johnson's Woburn

"Births."

—Woburn people, many of whom

have been interested in the progress of

the Massachusetts plan of savings bank

life insurance and old age pensions,

will have a chance to hear a practical

exposition of the subject next Sunday

evening when R. W. Sawyer, Jr., of

Boston, one of the staff speakers of

the Massachusetts Savings Insurance

League, will address the Covenant

Club. Mr. Sawyer is a forceful

speaker and thoroughly familiar with

his subject so that he will be well

received with great interest by the members

of the Club and their friends.

—On Friday, Jan. 15, the Woburn

Women's Club are to hold a Gentle

man's Night, when, after the reception,

the Perian Sodality of Harvard

University will give one of their rare

musical treats, the same to be followed

by dancing. The reception will occupy

the time from 7:30 to 8 o'clock, and



The Best Bargain  
Ever Offered

**MAZ-ALL**

(Toasted Corn Flakes)

ONLY  
**5c. package.**

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Tea and Grocery House,  
FRED. STANLEY  
351 Main Street,  
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IN SKIN

**CHAPS**

ON HAND AND FACE.

**Rose Glycerine  
Lotion**

CURES. 25c. a Bottle

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BOX**

28th year in use.  
U. S. Food and Drug Act,  
No. 17722.

Dainty Stationery

Stylish Pocketbooks

Choice Perfumes

Fine Confectionery

Comprise part of our

**HOLIDAY LINE**

We shall be pleased to show these goods.

**F. P. BROOKS, Druggist,  
361 Main Street,  
WOBURN**

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Middlesex, ss.

December 17, A. D. 1908.

Fourth District Court of Eastern Middlesex.

At a Court begun and holden at Woburn in said County, on the seventeenth day of December, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight, Charles P. French of Woburn, in said County, plaintiff, vs. Albert J. Beckley of Woburn, in the State of New Jersey, defendant. This is an action of contract to recover the sum of five hundred dollars, alleged to be due the plaintiff from the defendant, on the twenty-fourth day of November, A. D. 1908, as set forth by the plaintiff's writ of that date.

And it appearing to the Court by the suggestion of the plaintiff, and on inspection of the officer's return of the plaintiff's writ, that the defendant at the time of service of said writ had no last and usual place of abode, agent or attorney in this Commonwealth known to the plaintiff or the said officer, and that no personal service of said writ had been made upon the defendant, it is ordered by the Court here, upon the plaintiff's suggestion, that the defendant be and is to be published in said Woburn once a week, three weeks successively, and that this action be continued by the plaintiff to the next, or until notice be given to the defendant, according to this Court's order.

ARTHUR E. GAGE, Clerk.  
Plaintiff's Attorney.  
A true copy. Attest:

ARTHUR E. GAGE, Clerk.

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E. J. GREGORY,

35 Court Street - BOSTON

**NOTICE**

Is hereby given that the subscriber has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of John F. Foster, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon himself the trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same, and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment.

ALVAH J. FOSTER, Adm.

No. 4 Church Ave., Woburn.

Dec. 16th, 1908.

**WILLIAM FREDERICK DAVIS, Jr.,**

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

609-609 Sears Building, Boston, Mass.

EVENING OFFICE AT

Woburn Mass.

**PARKER'S**

**HAIR BALM**

Prevents itching and itching of the scalp. It is a hair restorer and makes the hair grow. It is a hair restorer and makes the hair grow. It is a hair restorer and makes the hair grow.

For Real Estate

call on Griffin Place

at 416 Main Street,

Woburn, Mass.,

street floor.

# Oddities of Color Blindness.

Color blindness, or the inability to distinguish certain colors, is by no means rare. Incomplete color blindness is when a person cannot distinguish one of the fundamental colors, red, green or violet. If a person is told to select colors resembling violet, he will select red, and usually select blues as well as violets. If he is green blind, he will select green or gray, with possibly some blues and violets of the brightest shades. Violet blindness is rare. To a red blind person the American flag appears to have green and white stripes, while the white stars appear on a violet field. To a green blind person the stripes have the proper colors, but the field for the stars is red violet. To a violet blind person the stripes are normal, but the stars appear to be set in a dark brownish gray field. To a person who is totally color blind the line of the flag appears a light yellowish brown, while the red stripes seem to be a darker brown.

## An Ill Shattered.

Some one has said that people that are fond of hero worship should never make a pilgrimage to see the hero. Here is an instance:

An enthusiastic young lady admirer called on her favorite author. In speaking of her visit she said:

"I'm sorry I saw him. He didn't look at all like an author—no long, wavy hair, no drooping expression, no eyes fixed on the stars as if to read the secrets of the heavens; no musical, low voice—nothing to suggest the genius. No, I found him leaning on the garden gate. In his shirt sleeves, swearing at a grocery boy! And his hair was close cropped, and he looked as if he hadn't shaved in a week. He was the most terribly human specimen I ever saw."—Atlanta Constitution.

## The Wickedest Bit of Sea.

Nine out of ten travelers would tell inquirers that the roughest piece of water is that cruel stretch in the English channel, and nine out of ten travelers would say what was not true. As a matter of fact, "the wickedest bit of sea" is not in the Dover strait or in yachting, for example, from St. Jean de Luz up to Pauillac or across the Mediterranean "race" from Cadix to Tangier, nor is it in rounding Cape Horn, where there is what sailors call a "rag" sea. It is in the Dover strait, encountered in rounding the Cape of Good Hope for the eastern ports of Cape Colony.

## What a Scotsman Wears.

A Scottish correspondent, signing himself "Haggis," writes to us as follows:

Dear Sir—Please state in your column that a Scotsman wears a kilt, not kilts. Thus Harry Lauder would amuse the king clad in a kilt, not in kilts.

We regret to say that we find ourselves unable to accede to our correspondent's request. Respect for truth compels us to state that a Scotsman is almost invariably wearing neither a kilt nor kilts, but trousers—London News.

## Quite of Her Opinion.

"Oh, I did so want to have a talk with you. I'm simply mad to go on the stage!" exclaimed a rushing young lady to a popular actor.

"Yes, I should think you would, my dear young lady!" remarked the great histrion.

## MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10:30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker.

At 12 M., Sunday School.

BAPTIST.—At 10:30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B. Williams, D. D.

At 12 M., Sunday School.

At 3:45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.

Wednesday, at 4:45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

At 7:30 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.

Wednesday, at 7:30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Street.

Rev. A. H. Harris, Pastor.

SUNDAY SERVICES.—At 10:30 A. M., Sunday School, 12 M.

Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7:45 P. M.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—28 Sunday after Christmas.

10:30 A. M., Morning Prayer and sermon.

12 M., Sunday School.

T. P. M., Evening Prayer and Sermon.

Rev. H. C. Harris, Pastor.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRISTIAN SCIENTISTS.—Services in Five Cent Savings Bank Building, Room 13, Woburn, on Sunday, January 10, 1909, at 11:45 A. M. every Sunday morning at 10:45. Subject: "Sacrifice."

Wednesday evening Experience and Testimonial Meetings at 7:45.

The Reading Room is open from 2:30 to 4:30 P. M., except Sundays. All are welcome. Christian Science Lecture on Main. Room 13.

# Married.

In Boston, Dec. 31, by Rev. Philip J. Gormley, Michael Walsh of Woburn and Lena Caldwell of Woburn.

# Died.

There, name, and, inserted free, all other notices at a charge.

In this city, January 3, Michael Finney, aged 75 years.

Long Beach, California, Dec. 27, Mrs. Eunice L. Matthews of Woburn.

# Musical.

**MAUDE H. LITTLEFIELD,**

Piano-forte and Violin

# INSTRUCTION

79 Prospect St., Woburn.

Artistic and Scientific

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Woburn, Mass.,

street floor.

# A CAREFUL JUDGE.

The Way the Law is Administered in Merrie England.

A friend of mine, wishing to make a present of a ring to an acquaintance who was on the eve of being married, bought the article and handed it to the jeweler, with instructions to have a suitable inscription engraved upon it, making a stipulation that it should be finished and returned by a certain date, otherwise it would be useless. Months elapsed before the ring was delivered. It was sent back to the jeweler. The tradesman took out a summons, and my friend had to come back to town and sit in a stuffy court all day without the case being called. Next morning he bribed the usher to let him know when the case was called. He was sent for at luncheon and sat till a quarter past 4 listening to anything but edifying matters which had to be disposed of first. By this time the old gentleman on the bench was fast asleep. The jeweler's case was called, and my friend's solicitor stated the defense. At its close the legal functionary slowly disentangled himself from the embrace of Morpheus, opened one eye, grunted, "Verdict for plaintiff," and lumbered heavily out of court. My friend was furious and addressed the judge in terms the reverse of polite. The usher endeavored to pacify him and eventually led him out of court, and after pocketing another half sovereign he remarked: "Yes, sir; it's very 'ard, I know. But you know, sir, he alters his mind every day, and he looks 4 o'clock."—London Strand Magazine.

# THE CHYSANTHEMUM.

Japanese Legend of the Origin of the Many Petalled Flower.

The Japanese have an interesting legend in connection with the origin of the chrysanthemum. In a garden bathed in the soft moonlight a young girl plucked a flower and commenced to strip the petals to see if her fiancé loved her truly. Of a sudden a little dog appeared before her and assured her that her fiancé loved her passionately. My husband will live, he added, as many years as the flower which she held in her hand. The young girl hastened to search the garden for a flower which should have the abundance of petals, but one only appeared to promise but a brief future for her beloved.

At length she picked up a Persian carnation, and, with the aid of a gold ring taken from her hair, she separated each of the petals of the flower so as to increase the number of folioles and of the number of years accorded by the dog to her fiancé. Soon under her deft fingers one, two, three hundred petals, the plant and beautifully curved, had been evolved, and the young girl cried for joy to think of the happy future which her fiancé had assured her. So runs the legend, as the chrysanthemum created one moonlight night in a Japanese garden, where silver brooks murmured softly as they ran beneath the little bamboo bridges.—London Globe.

## Could Do It.

It was a mean trick, but, then, that is the kind that usually succeeds. "That dog," said the owner, "will bring me anything I send him for, and I am willing to bet on it."

Straightway a bet was arranged, and then the manager of the billiard hall suggested that he would like to have the pool table brought to him.

"Certainly," answered the owner of the dog, and he pointed to the table and said, "Fetch it!"

The dog raced around it once or twice and then grabbed a pocket and tore it off.

"Hold on!" cried the billiard man. "He'll ruin the table."

"Of course," answered the owner of the dog, "but if you give him time he'll get it all over here. You didn't suppose he could bring it in one trip, did you?"

But the billiard man paid the bet.

## Christening the Baby.

A north country parson thought it absurd that a working class woman should wish to christen her child. "Laura Winifred Gwendolyn Genevieve," "My good woman, what a ridiculously long and fanciful name!" he protested. "Why not choose something simpler, Sarah, for instance?" That is my own wife's name.

"Ah, yes, Sarah's all very well for a parson's wife, but I hope my little girl will look a bit higher than that," answered the woman readily.

The astonished parson thereupon performed the ceremony without further comment.—London Telegraph.

## The Retort Courteous.

Professor Bates was quizzing a student named Ford, who seemed to know nothing of the subject in hand. "Are there no fish in this pond this morning?" he exclaimed at length.

"Yes, professor," replied the student, "but the Bates no good."—Lippincott's.

## Not Quite.

"I sleep with your letters under my pillow," the modern lover wrote. Then he yawned and muttered to himself:

"At least I go to sleep over the letters. I suppose it's the same thing."—New Orleans Times Democrat.

## His Board.

Sam Sparks—Oh, you ain't do only need in de sunshin. Der's lots ob odden gals dat hab called me "Suzann" before Ah chet behind ob 'er. Befinn Sparks—Well, man, if Ah called yo' "Suzann" dey shoely must hab meant loaf suzann.—Chicago News.

## An Expensive Dollar.

Not long ago in this town a kind friend of the family gave one of the kids a dollar. Of course it was too much to let the kid get out and spend for candy and gum, so it was generously put up on the sideboard or some other safe place to be kept—just for what the deponent saith not. In about a week the juvenile owner of the big round coin remarked at the breakfast table, "Papa, mamma spent my dollar yesterday." The head of the house took the hint and fished up another dollar, which, like its predecessor, was placed in a good safe place to keep.

During the next month by a carefully tabulated record which he kept on his cuff he repaid this chimeric dollar just thirteen times. So at the end of the month you will not be surprised to learn that our friend sent the donor of the original dollar this curt note:

Dear Sir—Inclosed you will find a check for \$13. The dollar you gave me last month, I return it simply to avoid bankruptcy. Already it has cost me more where between \$13.00 and \$14.00.

## The Right Bone.

"Fred, dear, I feel it in my bones that you are going to take me to the theater tonight."

"Which bone, darling?"

"The one that aches, but I think it's my wishbone!"—Kansas City Independent.

# THE HONEYMOON PARADE.

Wedding Custom in One Town When the Train Is Late.

A small city, which need not be located more particularly than that it is somewhere east of Boston, has its own peculiar way of speeding the newly married on their honeymoon.

For one thing, every one goes to the station to see the couple depart. This is done in many small places. The showering of rice or confetti and the throwing of the old shoe take place, not at the home of the bride, but at the station. To that extent the city referred to is not unusual.

But in this city train schedules frequently go awry, and when they do the unusual happens. The wedding, of course, has been celebrated on time, and the reception has taken as much time as such things usually take. The departure from the bride's home is made in due season to catch the train if it is on time.

The wedding guests rush to the station, where all other inhabitants having nothing better to do have assembled already. It is a free show which no one would miss.

The carriage bearing the newly married pair is drawn by white horses and decorated with white ribbons. Custom demands this, and no one has yet had the temerity to do otherwise.

The carriage arrives at the station, and it is learned that the train is so many minutes or so many hours late. Usually the measure is in hours.

The carriage doesn't wait. It goes parading. It drives around and around a prescribed route, from every point of which the driver can get due notice of the approach of the train.

The crowd remains patiently at the station. Other curious persons station themselves at points along the route just to see the wedding coach pass.

Sometimes two or three carriages, drawn by white horses and decorated in white, swing steadily around this hymeneal circuit. It seems like an endless procession. It is not unusual for a wedding pair to spend the first part of their honeymoon just riding round and round waiting for the train.

When the screech of the locomotive finally is heard the driver continues to swing up to the platform just as the bride and groom are about to enter the car. The bride and groom make a mad dash for the car amid a shower of rice and confetti and old shoes. The honeymoon parade is over.—Exchange.

# THE REAL BOWERY.

Swiftly Passing, It Has Never Been

What a Revelation! The real Bowery has never been written up, and probably it never will be, because it is swiftly passing. Hundreds of attempts have been made by those who have not even penetrated the surface of it to reserve its heart.

Those who know it best and have some skill in writing as well as some understanding are so overwhelmed by its endless complications, its infinity of contradictions, its astonishing goodness and its frightful devilry, that they do not dare attempt to write even what they know. Only one man in all literature could have interpreted the Bowery—and that man is dead.

Most of us know the Bowery through fugitive newspaper sketches and fear some lurid melodramas. The sketches present certain phases more or less intelligently, but the melodramas are weird burlesques, and, thanks to the fact that they are so far from any consideration of truth is concerned, but these cheap melodramas, endlessly repeated, have built up a fiction that has come to be accepted as the reality.—Everybody's Magazine.

In a certain part of Scotland, according to Dean Ramsey, the shepherds used to take their collies with them to church. The dogs behaved well during the sermon, but began to howl when the last psalm was sung. The final blessing with joyful barks. In one church the congregation resolved to stop this unseemly detail, so when a strange minister was about to pronounce the blessing all remained seated. Instead of rising, as expected, he hesitated and paused till an old shepherd cried: "Stay awa, sir! We're a' sittin' to chat the dog!"

## The Best Prize.

A titled Englishman while in Newport talked most entertainingly to a group of ladies about ancestral pride. "Ancestral pride is an excellent thing," he said, "but there are better things. We have long felt in Great Britain that there are better things. I heard the sentiment rather neatly expressed last season by a duchess. Hers is a great family, but she is a poor thing," he said, "but there are better things. We have long felt in Great Britain that there are better things. I heard the sentiment rather neatly expressed last season by a duchess. Hers is a great family, but she is a poor thing."

"I am very proud of my ancestry. You know," he continued, "I seem to be at home much. Powell. He is there so seldom that he really needs a letter of introduction to his wife—New York Press.

## Changeable Names.

Tom-Belle is a strange girl. She doesn't know the names of some of her best friends. Maud—That's nothing. Why, I don't even know what my own will be a year from now.—Boston Transcript.

## The Process.

"You are a pretty sharp boy, Tommy." "Well, I ought to be. Pa takes me out in the wood shed and straps me three or four times a week."—Harper's Weekly.

## Apprehensive.

The Heiress—I want to be loved for myself. Count de Broke (apprehensively)—My dear lady, is there any possibility of this being a case of mistaken identity?—Illustrated Bits.

## Suspicion Always Hunts the Guilty Mind.—Shakespeare.

## The Means to the End.

Mrs. Denham—Why does a man hate his mother-in-law? Beaumont—Oh, he doesn't hate her; he simply hates to think of the way she got into his family.—Harper's Weekly.

# A GLUTTON FOR WORK.

Story of the British Civil Service in the Last Century.

The British civil service during the middle of the last century was a delightful playground for young gentlemen who wished a "job" with nothing to do. Mr. Arthur W. A'Becket in his "Recollections of a Humourist" describes his first day in the war office. After reading his time through, no short task and listening to the conversation of his colleagues for awhile he ventured to address his chief.

"Can I do anything?" I asked. "Is there anything for me to do?"

He said a little perplexed. The other denizens of the room paused for a moment in their conversation to hear his reply. It seemed to me that they appeared to be amused. My chief looked at me and then at the papers in front of him.

"Ah!" said he at last, with a sigh of relief. "Are you fond of indexing?"

I replied I was fond of anything and everything that could be of the slightest service to my country. If those were the exact words I used, that was the spirit of my answer.

"I see, a glutton for work," observed my chief, with a smile that found reflection on the faces of my other colleagues. "Well, A'Becket, just index this pile of circulars."

I set upon the bundle and returned to my desk. Oh, how I worked at those circulars! There were hundreds of them, and I doctored them with the greatest care and entered their purport into a book. From time to time my official chief, so to speak, looked upon me to see how I was getting on.

"I say," said he, "there's no need to be in such a desperate hurry. I am not in immediate need of the index. You can take your time, you know. Wouldn't you like a stroll in the park?"

Most of us have a little walk during the day. We none of us stand on ceremony and are quite a happy family."

But, no; I stuck to my indexing and after some three days of fairly hard work for my laurels, I took up the bundle of circulars, now in plain order, and laid them on my chief's desk.

"I say, A'Becket," said he, "this won't do. You are too good a fellow to be allowed to cut your own throat, and for your brother's sake I will give you a tip. Don't do more than you are asked to do. Now, I gave you those circulars to index because you would bother me for work. I didn't want the index for my sake, but the least bit of use to me. Of course it may come in useful some day, but I scarcely see how it can, as the lot are out of date. But of course it may," he added to save my feelings.

# DEVELOPING A STAR.



## In Place Of Paul.

By EFES W. SARGENT.

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"That revolver again?" asked Musgrave, with a laugh that did not cover the irritation that it was intended to conceal. "It seems to me, Jeanne, that you are always fooling with that murderous looking thing."

"Not always," was the grave response. "For weeks it lies in the top drawer, Paul, but once a month I take it out and clean it that it may always be ready and that I may not forget, as though I ever could," she added wilyly.

Musgrave shuddered. He disliked the sight of weapons, and there was something sinister in the care with which the girl kept the revolver always in good condition.

It was no hard handled tool as a woman might be supposed to carry, but a blue barrelled .45 that would "stop" a man with a single shot, the sort of weapon that was meant for men.

It struck a jarring note in the femininity of Jeanne Barthons personality. It was absurd and yet revolting that the dainty little artist should devote so much time to the care of the black muzzled threat. All about her were half finished sketches, bits of French scenery, ideal heads and fashion drawings in odd confusion, with a hand some toilet over a dressmaker's form in one corner.

Jeanne herself was essentially feminine, a tiny little of a woman with a complexion of golden yellow, a summing up of a fragile face. She was scarcely five feet tall, and the gun was oddly out of proportion.

Musgrave sank into a chair from which he swept the fashion magazines to the floor, and watched the girl with gloomy face.

"Perhaps it will be as well to tell you my secret, Frank," she said at length when the weapon had been laid aside and reassembled. "Then you will understand my care and why I cannot promise to marry you, dear. It is best that you should understand."

"I have no wish to pry into your secrets," he demurred. "They cannot be very important—except your reason for not wanting to marry me. I admit that you are unmarried and free, and that you love me. Those are the essentials."

"Unmarried—yes," the girl breathed tensely. "But free—no. It is that I would tell you, dear, so that I may not see the horror in your face, and do not speak until I have finished. Sit so," she added as she placed a chair so that it stood directly before her own.

"It is the gun with which some day I am to kill a man," she began, plunging into the middle of her story. "Do not stir until I say that you may. I cannot talk if you interrupt. It is hard enough to tell even so."

"Then don't tell," urged the man. "You never will tell me. You are afraid even of the dark."

"Of the dark, yes," she admitted softly, "but when the moment of revenge comes I shall shoot to kill, with never a thought of what will follow. They may not kill me, but I will spend years in prison, and all because I have done the justice that men would not do. That is why I may not marry."

"I had a brother once. He was all that I had. Not even cousins had I, and when my mother died, my father died I grieved and grieved, even though he had promised that in one year he would return with millions of francs and I should enter the atelier of the great artist with whom I would study and become what he was."

"For a year I had his letters. Then none came. I said that mails were not regular in that far off land, and so I waited almost another year. Then with the little money that I had I sought him, for I knew that evil must have befallen."

"I journeyed across this great land to the frozen north, and there I learned the worst. Paul was dead—killed by his friend, the man who had promised that he would shoot him down for the little gold that he had."

"They said it was all an accident. But men who handle guns do not have accidents. Is it reasonable to tell that one is killed by another by accident? This man said that he was cleaning his revolver and that it went off by itself. They had let him go. He had fled the scene. He came to New York, they said, and he was a lawyer."

"There was a little photograph of him. I brought with me, and I know he would have shaved his beard, but I have made other sketches—you have seen them—with the face clean shaven and with the mustache. One mark he had—a great scar across the cheek. It is his brand of Cain. By it I shall know him."

"Now I study art no more. I draw fashions because it pays, and when I am idle I haunt the courts. I look for a lawyer with a great scar, and when I find him I shall have him again. I'll give you a hard, hard spanking."

Half an hour later the mother looked out after her boy and saw him playing with Willie Burr. She raised the window and called with forced gentleness: "Marlow, come here to me!"

Marlow came, but as he did so he turned to his companion and said: "You stay right here, Willie. I'm doing in to get spanked. I'll be back!"—Delineator.

**Catching Rats.**  
The best way to catch rats is to put any animal substance, well perfumed with oil of rhodium, into a trap. This induces them to enter readily and even draws them from a considerable distance, as they are extremely fond of this oil. An ounce of oil of rhodium will cost you 50 cents. Catnip to a cat is nothing like rhodium to a rat. Oil of rhodium is made from a species of blueweed and is used in perfumery.—New York Press.

**The Wrong Shoulder.**  
In a timber yard two workmen were carrying a large piece of wood when the manager, who happened to come up at the time, accosted one of them. "Joe," said he, "you've got that bat ten upon the wrong shoulder."

"I know that," was the ready reply. "It should be upon yours!"—London Ecrap.

**Extending Zone.**  
"Teacher says," exclaimed the precocious child, "that we live in the temperate zone."

"Yes," answered Colonel Stillwell, "and these Prohibitionists keep going 'til it's worse than that!"—Washington Star.

**Worrying.**  
Worrying is one of the greatest drawbacks to happiness. Most of it can be avoided if we only refrain from not to let trifles annoy us, for the largest amount of worrying is caused by the smallest trifles.

## Overcome by the horror of the recollection, Musgrave buried his face in his arms for a moment while the girl stood silently by. Her face was ghastly white, the lines drawn and tense, and in the blue eyes was horror unspeakable.

"It was an accident," went on Musgrave after a moment. "The boys in the street and let me go. I left the country and came back to New York. I had never liked the law. To escape that profession I went to Alaska. I could draw rather well, and I came back at a time when the northern news was first coming out and men who could draw Alaskan scenes were in demand."

"I made a success and spent my money looking for Jeanne Desplaines. There is money in the bank that I have kept until I could find her, the money that Paul had helped me earn. I never dreamed that you were she. You are so unlike Paul."

"That picture you have with the scar is a photograph of Paul. It is a photograph of a defect in the glass. I had some made because the effect was so odd. That is why you did not know me. You looked for the scar. You will not believe that it was an accident. You just said it would if you will. Take a life for the life I robbed you of."

He rose unsteadily to his feet, stooped and raised the revolver from the floor, handing it to the silent girl.

"Perhaps I may be after all I did myself," he said bitterly as she made no move to take the proffered weapon. "It will relieve you of all consequences. I will welcome death since now I know that my love is hopeless. I will go to my own studio."

Unsteadily he staggered toward the door. The girl watched until his hand groped for the knob, then, with a sudden revulsion of feeling, she rushed to him.

"You shall not! You shall not!" she cried passionately. "It was a mistake, Frank. I know now, for did I not shoot you by accident? It was only the good God who turned the bullet aside because he had sent you to make me happy. It was a lesson to me, and I have learned the wisdom of God. It was an accident, dearest, and now that I know that the thought of vengeance and—prison no longer stand between—"

"All gone," murmured he after what I have told you," she cried in wonder. "God is good," she said reverently. "He has taken my brother from me, but he has sent you—in place of Paul," and she suffered him to draw her with in the circle of his arms.

**Change of Climate Helped.**  
Some time ago the Virginia state line was altered so as to include a patch of territory heretofore belonging to North Carolina.

A section of the land thus transferred included a tumble-down cabin where dwelt an aged negro woman.

An inquisitive neighbor, calling to see how the negroess enjoyed the idea of becoming a Virginian in her old age, began the conversation by asking: "How is the rheumatism, auntie?"

"Betty, praise de Lawd!" was the reply. "And the neuralgia?"

"All gone, 'eem denoted!"

"And the stiff knee?"

"Frisky as a 17 colt!"

"Why, auntie, how on earth do you happen to be so much better all of a sudden?"

"Well, miss," replied the auntie proudly, "Ah always done head dat Virginia climate's a heap healthful'n de climate of Noth Carolina. Ah reckon dat sho' 'counts fo' ma change fo' de bettah!"—Detroit Free Press.

**When Bees Beat Troops.**  
It is on record that a swarm of bees as weapons of war were used not once, but twice, and with the best possible effect. When Themistocles, in Pontus, was besieged by Lucianus, the Romans employed turrets, built mounds and made huge mines beneath the city. While they were creating the mines the people of Themistocles dug down through the earth to the mines and cast in upon the Roman workers bears and other wild animals, together with a swarm of bees. History repeated itself in England when the Danes and Norwegians made their attack upon Chester about ten centuries since. The town was held by the Saxons and some Celtic tribes, who were not only boiling water upon the besiegers without effect. As a last resource they collected all the beehives and upset them into the enemy's camp beneath the city wall. This had the effect of making things worse, so that the Romans were forced to retreat. The bees were recorded that the enemy were so badly stung that they could move neither arms nor legs.

**He Would Return.**  
Marlow was three years old. One day his mother said to him, "Now, Marlow, you may go outdoors to play for while, but if I see you crossing the street to play with that naughty little boy Willie Burr again I'll give you a hard, hard spanking."

Half an hour later the mother looked out after her boy and saw him playing with Willie Burr. She raised the window and called with forced gentleness: "Marlow, come here to me!"

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## GAVE THE ANSWER.

A Soldier Who Followed the Orders of General Jackson.

Illustrative of the exasperating ease with which chickens occasionally "come home to roost" is this story from "A Soldier's Letters to Charming Nellie."

On a day in June, 1862, in the early part of the civil war General Hood of the Texas brigade halted each regiment in turn and gave his orders. To the Fourth he said:

"Soldiers of the Fourth, I know as little of your destination as you do. If, however, any of you learn or suspect it, keep it a secret. To every one who asks questions answer, 'I don't know.' We are now under the orders of General Jackson, and I repeat them to you."

General Jackson also gave strict orders against foraging, but apples were plentiful, and it was contrary to nature for hungry soldiers not to eat them, and so it came about that on the march to Stanton General Jackson came upon a Texas sitting on the limb of an apple tree busily engaged in filling his haversack with the choicest fruit.

The general relished in his old sorrel horse and in his customary curt tone asked:

"What are you doing in that tree, sir?"

"I don't know," replied the Texan.

"Perhaps it would be better if I did it myself," he said bitterly as she made no move to take the proffered weapon. "It will relieve you of all consequences. I will welcome death since now I know that my love is hopeless. I will go to my own studio."

Unsteadily he staggered toward the door. The girl watched until his hand groped for the knob, then, with a sudden revulsion of feeling, she rushed to him.

"You shall not! You shall not!" she cried passionately. "It was a mistake, Frank. I know now, for did I not shoot you by accident? It was only the good God who turned the bullet aside because he had sent you to make me happy. It was a lesson to me, and I have learned the wisdom of God. It was an accident, dearest, and now that I know that the thought of vengeance and—prison no longer stand between—"

"All gone," murmured he after what I have told you," she cried in wonder. "God is good," she said reverently. "He has taken my brother from me, but he has sent you—in place of Paul," and she suffered him to draw her with in the circle of his arms.

**Change of Climate Helped.**  
Some time ago the Virginia state line was altered so as to include a patch of territory heretofore belonging to North Carolina.

A section of the land thus transferred included a tumble-down cabin where dwelt an aged negro woman.

An inquisitive neighbor, calling to see how the negroess enjoyed the idea of becoming a Virginian in her old age, began the conversation by asking: "How is the rheumatism, auntie?"

"Betty, praise de Lawd!" was the reply. "And the neuralgia?"

"All gone, 'eem denoted!"

"And the stiff knee?"

"Frisky as a 17 colt!"

"Why, auntie, how on earth do you happen to be so much better all of a sudden?"

"Well, miss," replied the auntie proudly, "Ah always done head dat Virginia climate's a heap healthful'n de climate of Noth Carolina. Ah reckon dat sho' 'counts fo' ma change fo' de bettah!"—Detroit Free Press.

**When Bees Beat Troops.**  
It is on record that a swarm of bees as weapons of war were used not once, but twice, and with the best possible effect. When Themistocles, in Pontus, was besieged by Lucianus, the Romans employed turrets, built mounds and made huge mines beneath the city. While they were creating the mines the people of Themistocles dug down through the earth to the mines and cast in upon the Roman workers bears and other wild animals, together with a swarm of bees. History repeated itself in England when the Danes and Norwegians made their attack upon Chester about ten centuries since. The town was held by the Saxons and some Celtic tribes, who were not only boiling water upon the besiegers without effect. As a last resource they collected all the beehives and upset them into the enemy's camp beneath the city wall. This had the effect of making things worse, so that the Romans were forced to retreat. The bees were recorded that the enemy were so badly stung that they could move neither arms nor legs.

**He Would Return.**  
Marlow was three years old. One day his mother said to him, "Now, Marlow, you may go outdoors to play for while, but if I see you crossing the street to play with that naughty little boy Willie Burr again I'll give you a hard, hard spanking."

Half an hour later the mother looked out after her boy and saw him playing with Willie Burr. She raised the window and called with forced gentleness: "Marlow, come here to me!"

Marlow came, but as he did so he turned to his companion and said: "You stay right here, Willie. I'm doing in to get spanked. I'll be back!"—Delineator.

**Catching Rats.**  
The best way to catch rats is to put any animal substance, well perfumed with oil of rhodium, into a trap. This induces them to enter readily and even draws them from a considerable distance, as they are extremely fond of this oil. An ounce of oil of rhodium will cost you 50 cents. Catnip to a cat is nothing like rhodium to a rat. Oil of rhodium is made from a species of blueweed and is used in perfumery.—New York Press.

**The Wrong Shoulder.**  
In a timber yard two workmen were carrying a large piece of wood when the manager, who happened to come up at the time, accosted one of them. "Joe," said he, "you've got that bat ten upon the wrong shoulder."

"I know that," was the ready reply. "It should be upon yours!"—London Ecrap.

**Extending Zone.**  
"Teacher says," exclaimed the precocious child, "that we live in the temperate zone."

"Yes," answered Colonel Stillwell, "and these Prohibitionists keep going 'til it's worse than that!"—Washington Star.

**Worrying.**  
Worrying is one of the greatest drawbacks to happiness. Most of it can be avoided if we only refrain from not to let trifles annoy us, for the largest amount of worrying is caused by the smallest trifles.

## FAMOUS LONDON TREE

The Cause of Several Hard Fought Legal Battles.

ITS SITE WORTH MILLIONS.

But the Lawyers Never Have Been Able to Break Through the Phalanx of Legal Enactments That Preserve the Old Landmark in Cheapside.

There is a tree in Cheapside, London, that may be described as the most expensive of its kind on earth. If five dollar gold pieces filled the entire trunk and five dollar bills fluttered in place of every one of the leaves it would not buy the terra firma it occupies, for the land on which it stands, the northwest corner of Wood street and Cheapside, is worth \$4,500,000 an acre. The tree has stood on the spot for more than 200 years, while its site has augmented in value to almost fabulous proportions.

There have been several hard fought lawsuits over this plot of ground, the fight having been carried even to the house of lords. But so far the lawyers never have been able to break through the phalanx of legal enactments which preserve the tree. In the first place, there is a law in England which prohibits builders from putting up a structure which shall keep out the light from windows which bear the mystic words "Ancient lights."

This tree in Cheapside literally is surrounded by a number of "ancient lights" proprietors whose consent never has been obtained when it came to cutting down the tree and putting a modern structure on its site. For the same reason the storekeeper who rents the tiny two story structure on the corner just in front of the tree never has been able to put his building up beyond its present height.

Some very merry humorists, who thought themselves "cute" than the others, started to take the law into their own hands and put up a building, thinking to "arrange" with the owners of the "ancient lights" afterward. But they were not with a perfect shower of injunctions, proceedings, writs and indictments, more than would have covered the tree in its full spring bloom, and it is said he never has been able to pay the thousands of dollars of costs which his little experiment resulted in.

A few years ago some gardeners were ordered to lop off certain limbs of the tree which hung over Cheapside. It was done really to save the life of the tree, but the owners of the adjacent parish clerk and churchwardens of St. Peter's, Cheapside, the ancient little Norman church in Foster lane, near by, who guard this tree from the vandals' clutches. When the men began to cut the tree, a riot was started, and a large number of the parishioners, more than would have covered the tree in its full spring bloom, and it is said he never has been able to pay the thousands of dollars of costs which his little experiment resulted in.

Another almost impassable barrier which protects the tree in its position is the fact that it grows in sacred ground. There is a law in London that no building can be erected on sacred ground without special act of parliament, and was betide the unhappy man who dares to put up even a shanty on the sacred precincts of a graveyard in England.

This particular corner of Cheapside has been immortalized by Wordsworth. At the corner of Wood street when day breaks a thrush that sings alone; it has sung for three years.

This bird was wont to perch in the new fir tree and it attracted the attention of Wordsworth, who used to breakfast in a little shop near by. As far back as the year 1802—a hundred years before Mr. Columbus discovered America—another tree stood in this graveyard and is spoken of by Chaucer.

That whosoever pines it away, He shall have Christs' grace for aye. The tree is therefore a direct descendant of perhaps the oldest tree on record in England, and it may almost be described as an English institution.

This particular portion of Cheapside is back of the general postoffice and is one of the finest pieces of real estate in the world. With the tremendous difficulties the way stands in its way of its being built over—the sanctity of the land itself and the power of the "ancient lights" statute—it is probable that this piece of ground will remain "unimproved" for another century, and the value of the site will be enormous. Always he was so courteous—always his actions, like this little one of kissing my hand, were so beautifully timed. They came just before the spoken words and gave them peculiar value.

"That's not it," he summed up of it all, I said. "And the end—how would you like that to come?"

"How would I like that to come?" He repeated my question lightly, yet meditatively too. Then he was silent with courtesy. Always he was so courteous—always his actions, like this little one of kissing my hand, were so beautifully timed. They came just before the spoken words and gave them peculiar value.

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## GOOD BUSINESS.

The Thrifty Young Man Found a Profitable Investment.

A millionaire, hoping to encourage his young son in ways of thrift, promised to give him 10 per cent a month interest upon any money that he might save out of his allowance and deposit in the paternal treasury. The young man was getting 5 a week for pocket money and promised to show his appreciation of his father's affectionate offer. He began to make deposits without delay and kept the practice up with remarkable regularity.

The old gentleman noticed presently that the deposits exceeded the whole of the boy's allowance, but accounted for this by supposing that he had saved some money previously. Besides this, he received money frequently from his mother. So the fond parent rejoiced in the saving disposition that his son was displaying.

This continued until the boy's deposits assumed such dimensions as to demand an explanation. It then turned out that most of the money he had been depositing had been borrowed. Inasmuch as he was drawing interest on his deposits at 2 per cent per month and was paying only 10 per cent per year, then he had found the business decidedly attractive and profitable.—Pearson's Weekly.

**THE DEVILFISH.**  
He Is Not a Man Eater, but a Gently Reared Monster.

Contrary to popular belief, the devilfish is not a man eater, and, according to an official publication issued by the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, after an authoritative study of the subject by Dr. Theodore Gill, associate in zoology in the national museum. "The devilfish," says Dr. Gill, "is not a man eater, but a gentle monster, and is far from being a large animal and occasionally a man or so, as has been alleged, appears to be chiefly the small crabs, shrimps and other crustaceans and young of small fishes. Rarely does one prey on larger fishes."

Dr. Gill says that in a number of respects the young devilfish grows up under nursing and training remarkably like that of a human being. It is nourished, for instance, from its mother's milk. It is a peculiarity of the devilfish, he adds, that, instead of laying many thousands or millions of eggs, it normally has only a single young one at a birth. A baby devilfish is sometimes as broad as five feet and weighs as much as 100 pounds.

Dr. Gill adds that devilfishes move about from place to place in a sort of submarine flight, speeding themselves along by flaps of the long winglike fins.

**Day Dreams.**  
If you have a particular piece of work to do, get it done. Don't wait for the mood to strike you.

Don't let it bother you more precious hours wasted in day dreams than any of us would care to think about if we counted them.

The queer thing about day dreams is that so few of them ever amount to anything. The average day dreamer is only semiconscious when building his air castles, so, as a rule, they have no practical foundation.

While you are at work, keep your mind on what you are doing, and do it. Let it bother you more precious hours wasted in day dreams than any of us would care to think about if we counted them.

The queer thing about day dreams is that so few of them ever amount to anything. The average day dreamer is only semiconscious when building his air castles, so, as a rule, they have no practical foundation.











The Best Bargain  
Ever Offered

**MAZ-ALL**

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ONLY

**5c. package.**

**Boston Branch**  
Tea and Grocery House,  
FRED. STANLEY  
351 Main Street.  
TELEPHONE 109-1.

**CRACKS**

IN SKIN

**CHAPS**

ON HAND AND FACE.

**Rose Glycerine  
Lotion**

CURES. 25c. a Bottle

**Whitcher's** **PILL**  
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28th year in use.  
U. S. Food and Drug Act,  
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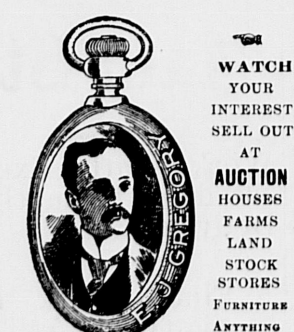
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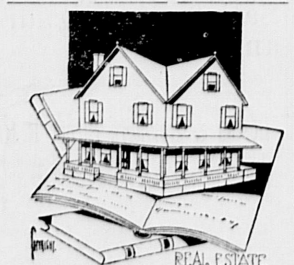
**HOLIDAY LINE**

We shall be pleased to show these  
goods.

**F. P. BROOKS, Druggist,**  
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**For Real Estate**  
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at 416 Main Street,  
Woburn, Mass.,  
street floor.

**Musical.**  
**MAUDE H. LITTLEFIELD,**  
Piano-forte and Violin

**INSTRUCTION**  
79 Prospect St., Woburn.

**Artistic and Scientific**  
**MUSICAL INSTRUCTION**  
Mrs. Annie M. S. Lewis, Pianoforte  
Mr. F. Percival Lewis, Theory, Organ  
Private and Class Lessons in Woburn  
Address: Winchester, or consult in Woburn  
Unionist, Friday, Jan. 15, 1909.

## WINCHESTER.

Our people who depend on wells for  
water were very thankful for the smart  
rainstorm last week.

Our people are generously contribut-  
ing money for the relief of the Italian  
earthquake sufferers.

The late Charles W. Bradstreet left  
\$100 to our public library to be known  
as the Bradstreet Fund.

The First Church of Christ, Scien-  
tist, of this town contributed \$10 to the  
Italian Relief Fund.

John Abbott says that, under no  
circumstances, will he stand as a candi-  
date for the School Board.

The officers of Winchester Lodge,  
I. O. U. W., are to be publicly in-  
stalled this evening, Jan. 15.

The Business Men's Conference, of  
Sunday noon talk, practical themes  
is proving a pronounced success.

The Fortnightly Club held a deli-  
cious "Guests Day" last Monday. Music,  
concourse, refreshments, etc.,  
were the chief features of the pleasant  
meeting.

Quite a hot discussion of matters  
pertaining to our public schools is  
going on here. Do such controversial  
publications do the schools, or anybody  
else, the least bit of good?

Do our home orators and others  
realize that the annual Town Meeting  
is rapidly approaching? Those who  
expect to take a hand in it should be  
after burning up their breastplates,  
helmets, and other armor, for there is  
no time to fool away.

Isaac L. Doane of this town, who  
had been Court Scribe of Middlesex  
County for twenty-five years,  
died at his home last Friday. For  
more than a quarter of a century, Mr.  
Doane had had his office at 8 Ash-  
burner Place. He was born in  
Orleans, fifty-nine years ago.

Last week the following officers of  
Aberjona A. R. A., were in-  
stalled: Chas. Lawson, Regent; O.  
W. Houghton, Vice Regent; J. F.  
Romney, Orator; J. H. Mosher, P.  
Regent; Warren F. Foster, Secretary;  
John G. Hovey, Collector; F. A.  
Parshley, Treasurer; W. D. Erskine,  
Chaplain; J. O. Howard, Guide; J.  
G. Webber, Warden; F. H. Swan,  
Sentry; F. E. H. Head, P. Regent.  
Trustees: J. H. Head, P. Regent;  
P. Regent, Rep. to G. Council; F. E.  
H. Head, P. Regent, Alternate.

When You Put On Stockings  
Of the heavier sort, do your shoes pinch,  
and your feet swell and perspire? If  
you suffer from these troubles, try  
"Allen's Foot-Ease" in your shoes.  
It will give you relief from the  
shoestitch, and instant relief from any annoyance.  
Sold Everywhere, 25c. Don't accept any  
substitute.

Dropical Oysters.  
With a snapper oyster opener point-  
ed to a brownish smear upon a Saddle  
Rock shell.

"Some fool," said he, "has been try-  
ing to fatten up a batch of Saddle  
Rocks with cornmeal. You might as  
well try to fatten a cow with corn-  
meal. It is a common error to believe that  
cornmeal will fatten oysters. I can easily  
show you that their shells are stained  
with these grains. It makes me laugh.  
As a matter of fact, there is no such  
thing as fattening oysters. All you can  
do is to swell them up with water, pre-  
cisely the same as water swells a  
sponge. You put them in fresh water,  
which, being less dense than the soft  
flesh of oysters, penetrates and distends  
their tissues—gives them, as you might  
say, dropsy. For my part, I don't like  
fattened oysters."—New Orleans Times-  
Democrat.

For a Bride's Dowry.  
There is a very pretty custom in  
some of the northern parts of Europe.  
There the white popular in good soil  
increases a shilling in value every  
year. The trees are generally cut down  
at the age of twenty years, as they  
are then supposed to have attained their  
full growth. When a daughter is  
born in the family of a well-to-do  
farmer the father as soon as the season  
permits plants a thousand young  
trees, and these are to constitute the  
dowry of the maiden, which grow as  
she grows and increase in height and  
value as her virtues and beauty in-  
crease."

Out to Work.  
"What society needs is a clearing  
house."

"What do you mean?"

"I wish I didn't have to go to the  
Van Squawks' hall next week. The  
Van Squawks wish they didn't have  
to ask me. Why can't we exchange  
certificates and call the thing even?"

**Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for  
Children**  
Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse  
in the Children's Home in New York,  
Chicago, and elsewhere, for the treatment  
of all the diseases of children, including  
Diarrhea, Colic, and all the troubles of  
the bowels and stomach. Over 10,000  
bottles sold. Price 25c. Sample FREE. Address,  
Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

**MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.**  
UNITARIAN—8:30 A. M., preaching by the  
pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker.  
AT 12 M., Sunday School.  
BAPTIST—8:30 A. M., preaching by the  
pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker.  
AT 12 M., Sunday School.  
AT 7:30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.  
CONGREGATIONAL—At 10:30 A. M., preaching by  
the pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker.  
AT 12 M., Sunday School.  
AT 7:30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.  
METHODIST EPISCOPAL—8:30 A. M., preaching by  
the pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker.  
AT 12 M., Sunday School.  
AT 7:30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.  
TRINITY EPISCOPAL—8:30 A. M., preaching by  
the pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker.  
AT 12 M., Sunday School.  
AT 7:30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.  
FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST—Services  
in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13,  
Sunday School for the Children at 11:45 A. M.  
Every Sunday morning at 10:45. Subject: "Lilies."  
Reduced evening expression of the Festival  
Meetings at 7:30.  
The meeting room is open from 2:30 to 4:30 P.  
M., except Sundays. All are welcome. Christian  
Science Literature on Sale. Room 15.

**Married.**  
In Reading, Mass., Jan. 9, by Rev. E. R. Mar-  
shall, Harold A. Brown of Reading and Annie L.  
Duffin of Woburn.

**WILLIAM FREDERICK DAVIS, Jr.,**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW  
608, 609 Sears Building, Boston, Mass.  
EVENING OFFICE AT  
Woburn, Mass.

## THE PLOT OF A PLAY.

How Sardou Came to Write "Les  
Pattes de Mouche."

Sardou sat working at a scenic adap-  
tation of Voltaire's "Candide," and it  
hung over him because there was no  
prospect of a dinner, but because his  
pipe was empty and he had not a  
penny wherewith to buy tobacco. Sud-  
denly on opening a drawer of his table  
he uttered a cry of joy at the sight of  
five or six tickets of a wine company  
which gave its customers a voucher  
for 20 centimes for every bottle pur-  
chased. A quarter of an hour after-  
ward he was the happy possessor of a  
silver frame pipe and some sous be-  
sides.

Picking up a scrap of paper of the  
sanded floor of the tobacco shop, he  
was about to light his pipe when the  
words "Marie Laurent" caught his  
eye. The "unconsidered trifle" turned  
out to be the fragment of a letter from  
the well-known actress to her son  
Charles. Sardou put his finger in his  
pocket, but on his way home his  
plot weaving faculties, stimulated by  
the fumes of the tobacco, at once re-  
surrected themselves.

"This is the innocent letter of a  
mother to her boy," he said to himself.  
"Supposing, however, it had been the  
letter of a woman to her lover and, fall-  
ing by a similar accident into the  
hands of the woman's husband, wish-  
ing to light his cigar?"

The suggestion led to his play "Les  
Pattes de Mouche."—London Chroni-  
cle.

## A HUMAN GIBRALTAR.

The Story That Is Told of the English  
Colonel Burnaby.

In the biography of Colonel Fred  
Burnaby there is a characteristic  
story, told by his friend Lord Rivington,  
of that soldier of fortune, brave and  
reckless courage.

We were engaged in a football  
match on the green inside Windsor  
cavalry barracks, and the verandas  
were crowded with onlookers as the  
colonel, dressed in frock coat and  
tail hat, with a cigar in his mouth,  
came out of the officers' quarters  
and proceeded slowly across a  
corner of the ground, apparently ob-  
livious of the fact that a match was in  
progress at the time. At this moment  
our fullback, a gigantic Yorkshireman  
named Bates, who must have weighed  
nearly fifteen hundred pounds, was  
charging impetuously for the ball, G.  
Webber, Warden, F. H. Swan,  
Sentry, F. E. H. Head, P. Regent,  
Trustees: J. H. Head, P. Regent;  
P. Regent, Rep. to G. Council; F. E.  
H. Head, P. Regent, Alternate.

With a snapper oyster opener point-  
ed to a brownish smear upon a Saddle  
Rock shell.

"Some fool," said he, "has been try-  
ing to fatten up a batch of Saddle  
Rocks with cornmeal. You might as  
well try to fatten a cow with corn-  
meal. It is a common error to believe that  
cornmeal will fatten oysters. I can easily  
show you that their shells are stained  
with these grains. It makes me laugh.  
As a matter of fact, there is no such  
thing as fattening oysters. All you can  
do is to swell them up with water, pre-  
cisely the same as water swells a  
sponge. You put them in fresh water,  
which, being less dense than the soft  
flesh of oysters, penetrates and distends  
their tissues—gives them, as you might  
say, dropsy. For my part, I don't like  
fattened oysters."—New Orleans Times-  
Democrat.

For a Bride's Dowry.  
There is a very pretty custom in  
some of the northern parts of Europe.  
There the white popular in good soil  
increases a shilling in value every  
year. The trees are generally cut down  
at the age of twenty years, as they  
are then supposed to have attained their  
full growth. When a daughter is  
born in the family of a well-to-do  
farmer the father as soon as the season  
permits plants a thousand young  
trees, and these are to constitute the  
dowry of the maiden, which grow as  
she grows and increase in height and  
value as her virtues and beauty in-  
crease."

Out to Work.  
"What society needs is a clearing  
house."

"What do you mean?"

"I wish I didn't have to go to the  
Van Squawks' hall next week. The  
Van Squawks wish they didn't have  
to ask me. Why can't we exchange  
certificates and call the thing even?"

**Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for  
Children**  
Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse  
in the Children's Home in New York,  
Chicago, and elsewhere, for the treatment  
of all the diseases of children, including  
Diarrhea, Colic, and all the troubles of  
the bowels and stomach. Over 10,000  
bottles sold. Price 25c. Sample FREE. Address,  
Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

**MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.**  
UNITARIAN—8:30 A. M., preaching by the  
pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker.  
AT 12 M., Sunday School.  
BAPTIST—8:30 A. M., preaching by the  
pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker.  
AT 12 M., Sunday School.  
AT 7:30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.  
CONGREGATIONAL—At 10:30 A. M., preaching by  
the pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker.  
AT 12 M., Sunday School.  
AT 7:30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.  
METHODIST EPISCOPAL—8:30 A. M., preaching by  
the pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker.  
AT 12 M., Sunday School.  
AT 7:30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.  
TRINITY EPISCOPAL—8:30 A. M., preaching by  
the pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker.  
AT 12 M., Sunday School.  
AT 7:30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.  
FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST—Services  
in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13,  
Sunday School for the Children at 11:45 A. M.  
Every Sunday morning at 10:45. Subject: "Lilies."  
Reduced evening expression of the Festival  
Meetings at 7:30.  
The meeting room is open from 2:30 to 4:30 P.  
M., except Sundays. All are welcome. Christian  
Science Literature on Sale. Room 15.

**Married.**  
In Reading, Mass., Jan. 9, by Rev. E. R. Mar-  
shall, Harold A. Brown of Reading and Annie L.  
Duffin of Woburn.

**WILLIAM FREDERICK DAVIS, Jr.,**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW  
608, 609 Sears Building, Boston, Mass.  
EVENING OFFICE AT  
Woburn, Mass.

## HOLDING THE CELLO.

An Anecdote of Dupont and the Em-  
peror Napoleon.

Napoleon, in a way, was fond of  
music. It is admitted that the mu-  
sical tastes of "the Corsican ogre"  
were not elevated. But for all that he  
loved singing so much that many a  
time after a concert he ordered the  
vocalists to come to the palace and  
sing before him and the Empress Jo-  
sephine.

A curious anecdote is told of his  
brusque manner of dealing with ar-  
tists. One night at a concert at the  
Tuileries, where Dupont, the famous  
violinist, was performing a solo,  
the emperor suddenly entered. His  
majesty nodded his head approvingly  
and when the piece was finished said  
to Dupont:

"How the devil do you manage to  
keep that instrument so motionless?"  
And, taking up the cello, he tried to  
jam it between his spurred boots.

Poor Dupont nearly fainted when he  
saw his treasure treated like a war  
horse. For several minutes he looked  
on trembling from head to foot. At  
last, however, he darted forward and  
called out "Sire!" In such pathetic  
tones that the emperor handed him  
back the instrument.

Dupont thereupon showed how the  
instrument was held, but every time  
his imperial master extended his hand  
to attempt to do it himself. Dupont  
threw himself back in alarm till finally  
Josephine whispered something to  
her husband, who hurriedly withdrew  
and put an end to the cello lesson.—  
New York Sun.

## SHEPHERD PONIES.

Active as Terriers, Sure Footed as  
Mules, Patient as Donkeys.

Shepherds are needed in the fields,  
live in the fields and die in the fields.  
They have a rooted dislike for indoor  
life and thrive best when allowed to  
feed naturally on green grass, with  
perhaps a little winter provender. Until  
two years ago nature provided a soft,  
wool-like covering for the horse's back  
and coat of hair appears, to be shed  
each spring, when the ponies appear  
sleek and handsome. Full grown,  
they are immensely strong, with wide  
quarters, powerful legs, and a great  
width across the chest and lungs. And,  
as Benjie wrote in 1870 in his "Tour  
in Shetland": "The Shetland pony is  
the noblest of the lower animals, and  
the Shetland pony stands at the head  
of this noble race as the most intelli-  
gent and faithful of them all."

The Shetland pony is the most lov-  
able of animals in the wide creation. They  
are sprightly and active as terriers,  
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## The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.  
Residence 280.

FRIDAY, JAN. 22, 1909.

The obsolete word "Gotten" was resurrected in Chicago a few years ago; it soon spread to the Eastward; and has ever since been in use in this country by people ignorant of the fact that Noah Webster, as long since as 1844, in his Dictionary pronounced it "obsolescent." The word was long ago banished from good English, except in "begotten" and "forgotten," and is not now employed in composition by scholarly writers. The Oxford English Dictionary says: "In England the form 'gotten' is almost obsolete," and Mackay's Dictionary (Lowland Scotch) says concerning "gotten": "The past participle of this verb has lately become obsolete." And, yet, many illiterate people persist in using it.

It was finally decided by the historians that Edgar Allen Poe was born on Carver street in Boston on Jan. 19, 1809, instead of Jan. 16, as stated by the JOURNAL and several other papers last week. The centennial anniversary of the birthday of the greatest American poet was generally and appropriately observed in Boston and at the University of Virginia, which was his Alma Mater.

Secretary of State of the United States Elihu Root has been elected U. S. Senator by the New York Legislature to succeed Thomas C. Platt, better known as "Mc To." Mr. Root is one of the ablest of American Statesmen, and the Republicans of the Empire State honored themselves by unanimously electing him U. S. Senator the other day.

Rev. William H. Ryder has been engaged by Capt. Wyr to deliver the Lincoln Day address in Lyceum Hall on Feb. 12. He has appeared before Woburn audiences in years past and is a favorite speaker here on patriotic themes.

## LOCAL NEWS.

Edison Co.—Power.  
E. F. Johnson—Clerk.  
E. F. Johnson—Clerk.  
W. H. Sullivan—Clerk.  
J. H. Buck—Clerk.  
City of Woburn—Bids for Printing.

Severe colds are rampant in this city.

It was 10 degrees below zero at North Woburn last Tuesday morning.

Washington's Birthday is only a month ahead. Feb. 22 will soon get here.

New moon yesterday. Did you see it accidentally over your left shoulder?

The officers of Qualey Court M. C. O. F. were installed last Monday evening.

The Gymnasium Club of N. W. have moved their headquarters to Nichols street.

The present abode of Judge Charles D. Adams and family is Marblehead.

A Men's Supper is to be provided at Trinity Church Parishhouse this evening, Jan. 22.

Thanks to a solid foundation, the scanty snow of Sunday last has furnished good sleighing all this week.

Local responses for contributions in aid of the earthquake sufferers in Italy are not numerous, so we are told.

Last Wednesday was a warm one for Jan. 20, to be sure. The weather has been very crotchety so far this winter.

Capt. John Hains of the 11th Cavalry, U. S. A., is to inspect Co. G, this city, at the Armory, on the evening of Jan. 26.

The Christian Endeavorers of the Montvale Congregational church are to give "A Spoiled Darling" in Music Hall on Jan. 27.

W. R. C. 84 are to give a whist party at Post 33 G. A. R. Hall on Wednesday evening, Feb. 3. A dance will follow whist.

The Senior Class of the W. H. S. are to give a stage performance called "Aunt Selina from China" in a few weeks from now.

Mrs. Mary Jennings is the proprietor of the oldest Intelligence, or Employment, office in this part of the State. Being reliable, she has enjoyed a large patronage for many years.

Recently Crystal Fount Mutual Relief Association elected the following officers: President, Orlando M. Brooks; Vice, Ben L. Trull; Sec. and Treasurer, Henry L. Andrews.

At 7.45 o'clock p. m., Jan. 25, the Morgan Workers of the Methodist Episcopal church are to open a "Jean Jodelow" evening, at which Helen Cook Stephenson is to be the reader, and Jessie Rollins the soloist.

Some fine oratory by eminent speakers will be heard at the banquet now in preparation by the ladies of the First Baptist church, the same to be held on March 11. Only a limited number of tickets for it will be issued.

The Boston & Northern Street Railway men are to have a grand time at their annual assembly in Lyceum Hall this evening. It is expected that Division Superintendent Myers will be on hand and enjoy the occasion with the boys.

The ball given last Wednesday in aid of the Tuberculosis Camp at Lyceum Hall, for which Callahan's Orchestra played, was packed full by the elite of the town. Everybody takes a deep interest in this capital charitable work of our doctors.

The alarm from box 61 at 10.25 last Saturday evening was for a fire that did considerable damage to a house owned by Mrs. Bailey Flaherty on James street. The alarm was for a slight fire in the boiler house by Charles Cummings on Cambridge street.

An indoor target shooting tournament, Co. G. is to open on Saturday, Jan. 30.

On Wednesday evening, Jan. 27, C. B. Winn Camp, 66, S. of V., and Ladies Auxiliary will hold a public installation of Officers in their hall, 415 Main street.

Miss Ethel R. Dow of Warren avenue entertained the Mandolin and Guitar Club at her home last Saturday evening. The Club furnished music for the entertainment given by the Christian Endeavorers of First church last evening.

Assistant Principal Brock of the High School has organized a branch of the Knights of King Arthur from among the boys and young men here. It is a good movement, for which Submaster Brock deserves the thanks of parents and guardians.

On Thursday evening, Feb. 11, there will be given a Supper and Cantata at the First Baptist church, under the auspices of the Ladies' Industrial Society. The Cantata is entitled the "Whole Year Round," to be rendered by the young people at 7.45 o'clock.

Last Tuesday morning was the coldest here of the season. The mercury fell rapidly on Monday afternoon and evening, and by midnight had fallen to zero. At 6 o'clock the next morning the temperature ranged from 3 to 12 below in this city according to locality.

Last Saturday evening at a meeting held for business by the Woburn Charitable Association, at which President Silver presided, President Silver, Secretary Samuel W. Mendum, and George F. Bean were chosen a committee to write out a set of rules for the government of the Trustees of the institution.

The St. Charles C. T. A. S. are to give their grand annual concert and ball in Lyceum Hall on the evening of January 29. Elaborate preparations are being made for it. This old and strong temperance organization always give grand annual entertainments, which are always largely patronized. Next Friday's promises to be the best.

At their annual meeting last week the Social Benevolent Society of the First Congregational church elected the following officers: President, Mrs. A. Herbert Holland; Vice President, Mrs. J. W. Fox; Secretary, Mrs. James R. Kendall; Treasurer, Mrs. Carrie (P. B.) Richardson. The monthly supper will be continued as in former years.

The police of Quebec, Canada, were so sure they had Zeltin, one of the yeggmen who shot the Woburn policemen on Church avenue Feb. 6, 1908, that Chief McDermott went there last week to find out whether they had, or not. They were mistaken; they had not nabbed Zeltin; and the Chief returned empty-handed.

Last Monday night the First Congregational Parish of Woburn elected the following officers: Member of the Parish Committee for 3 years, Everett P. Fox; Collector, Alfred H. Holland; Clerk, C. Forest Richardson; Auditor, C. Herbert Scott; Treasurer, Mrs. J. W. Fox; Secretary, Mrs. James R. Kendall; Treasurer, Mrs. Carrie (P. B.) Richardson. The monthly supper will be continued as in former years.

The Woburn Board of Assessors, a perfectly reliable body of gentlemen, report the valuation of this city as follows: Real estate, \$8,000,000; Personal property taxable, \$2,252,965; Total, \$10,252,965; and how much of the personal is covered up and non-comparable by the Assessors nobody can tell. The figures are about where they have been for the last dozen years.

Last week the First Congregational church elected the following officers for 1909: Clerk, Oliver F. Bryant; Assistant Clerk, Frederick P. Brooks; Treasurer, Carl W. Lippich; Sunday School Superintendent, George F. Bean; Deacons, for 4 years, Oliver F. Bryant, Theodore G. Boutelle; Deacon for 1 year, C. Forest Richardson; Deaconesses, Mrs. Clara I. Cottle, Mrs. Elizabeth A. Nichols; Auditors, Alexander Murray, C. Bertrand Strout.

Last Tuesday the JOURNAL was the grateful recipient of a copy of Tutts College Catalogue, 1908-1909, in which are found the names of Carl Perry Hubbard, Senior Class of Courses in Arts and Sciences; Chester Ingalls, Dean of the Junior Class; Francis Adams Partridge, Jr., and Gardner Miles Pierce of the Sophomore Class; and Fred McHugh, Ralph Arthur Burgess, Owen Joseph Logue, Henry John McMahon, and John Stevens Sanborn, in the Dental Department of the College.

A scheme is on foot to prevent the Groundhog from seeing his shadow this year—everybody is to be on hand on Candlemas Day, and when the Groundhog comes out of his hole, shoot him before he can turn round and look at his shadow. A good idea. If it is successful, there will be no "six weeks sledding in March," as used to be said was the case when the Groundhog was able to see his shadow on the snow at noon on Feb. 2, or Candlemas Day, as he left his winter den to view the weather, and determine its character for the next six weeks.

Mrs. Lewis, pianoforte instructor, announces a series of pupils' musicales, at four o'clock on the fourth Saturday of four months, beginning Jan. 23, in the Unitarian vestry. After pieces played by the younger pupils, Mr. Lewis will give brief historical talks, illustrated by recitations from the great composers played by advanced pupils and Mrs. or Mr. Lewis. All past and present pupils and their parents and friends are hereby invited. Prospective pupils are advised to consult soon, by mail to Winchester, or personally in Unitarian vestry Saturday afternoon.

There are two propositions in connection with the new Woburn city administration on which our mind is perfectly clear and free from all doubts. These are, first, that George F. Hosmer should be continued in the office of Sealer of Weights and Measures; secondly, that his services are worth a great deal more than he gets for them, and, therefore, that his salary should be increased to a fair figure. Mr. Hosmer has done the very best kind of work during his occupation of the office, and helped buyers to save money in making purchases of one kind and another that fall within the jurisdiction of the Sealer of Weights and Measures.

The storm last Sunday that kept so many people away from houses of worship in this city was peculiar in several respects. It consisted of snow, sleet and a sprinkling of rain, the former largely predominating, and producing quite good sleighing. Several inches of it covered the ground, and the drifting was slight, if, indeed, there was any at all. On the whole, the storm failed to fulfill its promise of the morning and forenoon, although according to the Monday morning papers it was much more severe and varied in character in Boston than out here in the country. In its earlier stages it

## SEE

The Always Ready Electric Motor Out-of-the-Way Just Where You Want It and Always Ready

YOU PAY ONLY FOR THE POWER YOU USE  
Saws Wood—Grinds Corn—Cuts Ice.

Edison Electric Illuminating Co.,  
Phone—Oxford 3300 39 Boylston Street, Boston.

HUNDREDS OF OTHER WAYS USE TO ELECTRIC POWER



Billy Van, Joseph Cawthorn and Harry Kelly, as "the tar-heeled Zouaves," one of the very funny incidents of the "Little Nemo," which will receive its Boston premier at the Colonial Theatre, Monday evening, January 25th.

The Holy Name whist party, much talked about and pleasantly anticipated, is to be held in St. Charles Hall on Monday evening, Jan. 25, pastebored exercises to be followed by dancing until midnight.

Mrs. John C. Buck entertained about 50 members of Loammi Baldwin Chapter of D. A. R. last Tuesday afternoon. Ethel Dow, Ethel and Bertha Bryant, and Mrs. John E. Buck served refreshments.

Mrs. Charles M. Strout has been confined to his home since Tuesday, Jan. 12, from the effects of a fall sustained as he was starting for his place of business in Boston that morning. Yesterday he had so far recovered as to allow him to walk about the house, which means that he will soon be out again.

Yesterday morning we received per Uncle Sam's postal conveyance a box from Capt. John P. Crane, who is a winter guest at Hobkirk Inn, Camden, South Carolina, which was filled with violets and Maydewers still fresh and dewey from their parent stems. A note conveyed the information that the handsome and fragrant flowers were gathered by him on the old Revolutionary Battlefield on Hobkirk Hill in that town, which fact increased the pleasure experienced on accepting Capt. Crane's floral favor.

Please read carefully what the Edison Electric Illuminating Company have to say in this issue of the JOURNAL about the use of electricity for heat and power purposes. No wonder its employment is increasing with astonishing rapidity, and setting gas to seriously "considering its latter end." Just think of it! Electricity uproots stumps, cuts ice, churns butter, rocks the cradle, saws wood, runs the gristmill, heats the house; and the day is near at hand when it will do about the work that mortal man has now to do, and that no mortal man can do, and that no mortal man can do, and that no mortal man can do.

The funeral of William J. Crosby, son of Mr. James F. Crosby, who died suddenly at the home of his parents, 23 Highland street, this city, on Monday morning, Jan. 18, was held at St. Charles church on Wednesday forenoon, Jan. 20, and attended by a large number of people. The deceased was born in Woburn on June 16, 1882; was an exemplary young man, unmarried, and lived at the home of his father and mother. He was a skilled machinist, an employee of the Charles town Navy Yard, where he worked until the Saturday night preceding his death, which was not unexpected, for he had been a sufferer with diabetes for some time past. Left to lament his early death were, besides the parents, three brothers, three sisters, and other relatives.

The storm last Sunday that kept so many people away from houses of worship in this city was peculiar in several respects. It consisted of snow, sleet and a sprinkling of rain, the former largely predominating, and producing quite good sleighing. Several inches of it covered the ground, and the drifting was slight, if, indeed, there was any at all. On the whole, the storm failed to fulfill its promise of the morning and forenoon, although according to the Monday morning papers it was much more severe and varied in character in Boston than out here in the country. In its earlier stages it

The most extraordinary attraction of the year, Klaw & Erlanger's great musical comedy "Little Nemo," which is being presented at the Colonial Theatre beginning Monday, Jan. 25, the engagement being limited to five short weeks, with matinees Wednesday and Saturday. This production, which has been the sensation of the year in New York, where it has just completed a long run, will be seen in no other New England city outside of Boston, and it will attract large numbers of people from various New England points. Excursions will be run from a number of places.

THE COLONIAL.

The most important vaudeville announcement comes from Keith's Theatre this week, the return of McIntyre and Heath. There has probably never been two men who have won wider popularity in vaudeville than these two black face comedians and their "Georgia Minstrels" has truly become a classic. Before they went on the legitimate stage the annual visits of McIntyre and Heath to Keith's Theatre were of the same nature as the return of "The Old Homestead," "Way Down East" and such plays in other houses. Thousands of people have seen the "Georgia Minstrels," and will continue to see them as long as they are on the stage. After an absence of several years this week will certainly be an eventful one at Keith's.

CASTLE SQUARE.

Week follows week at the Castle Square and the "Circus Girl" is still the same triumphant success. Mr. Craig, in view of the tremendous demand for seats, which shows not the slightest sign of lessening, will give the public demands it, and that means at least another week beginning next Monday afternoon. Its great success is unprecedented, and standing room only has been the cry for performance. It should be remembered that "The Circus Girl" is given every afternoon and evening of every day in the week, and that for ladies and children the popular musical comedy of the Charles town Navy Yard, where he worked until the Saturday night preceding his death, which was not unexpected, for he had been a sufferer with diabetes for some time past. Left to lament his early death were, besides the parents, three brothers, three sisters, and other relatives.

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Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children

Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse in the Children's Home in New York, Cure Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and Destroy Worms. Over 10,000 testimonials. They are sold at all Druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

## A Smart Octogenarian.

Captain William C. Parker and wife concluded that a specially prepared dinner of extra good viands would be about the proper thing with which to celebrate the 80th anniversary of the birthday of Mr. F. Chandler Parker, father of the former, and in accordance with that sentiment the event was observed at the residence of Captain and Mrs. Parker, 46 Arlington Road, with whom the late respected octogenarian makes his home, on last Sunday, January 17, 1909, the date (just 80 years and one day before) on which he was born in the ancient town of Woburn. In every particular the dinner was all that the most exacting and fastidious Epicurian could have asked for. It was partaken of with keen relish and grateful hearts, in addition to the son and daughter-in-law, by the venerable Guest of Honor, Mr. F. Chandler Parker, Mr. and Mrs. George Russell, Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Parker, all of this city; and Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Symmes, and Mr. George Stratton, of Winchester, by whom a pleasant social season was spent at the table and after the choice and most interesting repast. No one enjoyed the dinner and party more heartily than Mr. Parker, in whose honor they were given.

Mr. Parker has been a leather manufacturer for the last 60 years and is still actively engaged, with his son, Capt. William C., in successfully prosecuting the business. Their factory on Sturges street having been destroyed by fire not long ago, the firm have an establishment in Arlington, which has the daily care and oversight of the Senior Parker, who is in the enjoyment of good health, and is as smart and sprightly as most men 20 years younger than he is. He comes of sturdy stock, and, as likely as not, will keep right on making leather until he reaches, and perhaps, passes, his century mark. He has hosts of friends who will join the JOURNAL in hoping this may turn out to be true.

## Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

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To the Honorable County Commissioners for Middlesex County.

We, the undersigned inhabitants of the Town of Woburn, hereby respectfully petition your Honorable Board to locate Lowell street, between the Reading town line and West street, in said town of Woburn, for the purpose of making alterations in the course and width thereof.

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ON the foregoing petition, Ordered, that the purpose of viewing the premises and hearing the parties at the Court House in said Cambridge on Saturday, the twentieth day of February next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, by serving the Clerk of the said County with a copy of said petition, and of this order thereon, thirty days at least before the day of said hearing, and also by posting the same in two public places in the said town of Woburn, fourteen days before said day of hearing, and that he make return of his doings herein, to the County Commissioners, at the time and place aforesaid for said view and hearing.

RALPH N. SMITH, Ass't Clerk.  
Copy of petition and order thereon.

Attest,  
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Jan. 22, 1909, Feb. 5.

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## When You Put On Stockings

Of the heavier sort, do your shoes pinch, and your feet swell and perspire? If you sprinkle Allen's Foot-Ease in your shoes, it will give you rest and comfort, and instant relief from any annoyance. Sold Everywhere, 25c. Don't accept any substitute.

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## The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.  
Residence 280.

FRIDAY, FEB. 5, 1909

## LINCOLN DAY AND W. R. C.

The Woman's Relief Corps, member, operating with the Grand Army of the Republic to render the celebration of the centennial anniversary of the birthday of Abraham Lincoln next Friday an occasion worthy of the memory of the great President. Patriotic women everywhere are earnestly engaged in aiding the G. A. R. in this noble design.

Recently Mrs. Mary L. Gilman, National President of the Woman's Relief Corps, has sent to all the Corps in every State and Territory programs for the proper observance of Lincoln's Birthday with instructions to cooperate with the Grand Army. In addition to this action an official appeal has been issued from National Headquarters in Boston, prepared by Mrs. Nettie M. Gowan, National Patriotic Instructor, which says in part:

"Lincoln's services were for humanity, his memory the heritage of the Nation. In but 12 of the States is his Birthday officially recognized, yet the lessons gleaned from his life are not only an inspiration to the youth of any land, but his life itself is the best example of the possibilities attainable under our Republican Institutions. Let the Women of the Corps unite with the comrades of the Grand Army in urging that such legislation be enacted in the several States as will make Feb. 12 a Legal Holiday and Lincoln's Birthday as universally observed as is Washington's."

Corps 84 and 161 have joined hands with the Woburn G. A. R. Posts and are doing their best to make the celebration in this city a grand success, which it promises to be.

## ASKED FOR LEGAL HOLIDAY.

We hope to learn before this item gets into type that the Legislature of Massachusetts have ordered that February 12, 1909, the 100th anniversary of Abraham Lincoln's birth, shall be a Legal Holiday. A petition, emanating from the G. A. R., to that effect was presented to the House last week; but, for reasons inscrutable to the common understanding, it was rejected by the Committee on Legal Affairs, and the petitioners given leave to withdraw.

The prayer was not that Feb. 12 be made a legal holiday permanently, but that it should be so done for this year only, a reasonable and highly proper request that there ought not to have been any hesitation in granting by the Legislature.

The matter was to have come up early this week, but it appeared that our lawmakers were in no hurry to comply with the public demand to honor Lincoln's centennial birthday anniversary by Legislative enactment and the seal of the Commonwealth, for, at last accounts, nothing had been done in the premises—at least, we have heard of no action on the question.

## NATIONAL HOLIDAY.

P. S. The House came to its session last Wednesday and voted to make Feb. 12, 1909, a Legal Holiday.

## LINCOLN POSTAGE STAMPS.

The Postoffice Department at Washington has issued, or will issue before Feb. 12, inst., one hundred million 2-cent postage stamps to commemorate the 100th anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln, which is to be celebrated everywhere in the United States one week from today, Feb. 12, the special issue having been authorized by Congress.

For stamps and particulars it will be well to call on Captain Weyer at the Postoffice, or on his prompt and courteous clerks.

## NATIONAL HOLIDAY.

Last Monday the United States Senate passed, without amendment, the House bill to make February 12, 1909, a legal holiday, and authorized the President to issue a proclamation to put the measure into effect.

The bill recommended that the day, to honor the memory of President Lincoln, be duly observed by every community in the Union.

## LOCAL NEWS.

**New Advertisements.**  
Edison Co.—Incubators.  
C. E. Eaton—Mort. Sale.  
C. E. Eaton—Mort. Sale.  
C. E. Eaton—Mort. Sale.  
C. E. Eaton—Mort. Sale.

Where the snow did not interfere skating has been fine this week.

The North Woburn B. B. Club are to give a barn party in Lyceum Hall tonight.

Edgar J. Helms was the speaker at the Towanda Club smoker last Wednesday evening.

Notice what is said about an exhibition of the Electric Piano Flute player in this paper.

Attention is directed to C. E. Smith's advertisement of Mrs. Jones' Central House property.

The City Council should allow the New England T. & T. Co. and Edison E. I. Co. to have all the poles they ask for.

The Sunny Circle of King's Daughters are to meet with Miss Ethel Burbeck at her home on Warren avenue this evening.

The contract for printing the City Reports was awarded to J. D. Haggerty of the Daily Times for \$1.68 a page.

The Boston branch of the National Weather Bureau called last Monday the coldest Feb. 1 ever known here, a doubtful statement.

—Edward Johnson and Maud Littlefield captured first prizes at the last leaves of Gabalotte Club. Raymond Aldrich entertained the Club.

—E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a General Fire Insurance business.

—Miss Louise M. Bacon, member, for several years, of the Goddard Insurance office writing force, has been visiting her brother, Dr. Bacon, at Brockton lately.

—Pollard Pond on Eastern avenue has been flooded and frozen for skating purposes. There are several likely spots in the city where the sport may be practiced without danger.

—Major Henry C. Hall retired from the office of Clerk of Committees on Feb. 1, at the same time that Mr. Holland quit the Auditorship. Both were victims of Democratic rule.

—Hose 1 dedicated their new wagon last Tuesday evening at headquarters house with songs, stories, and other pleasant and entertaining things. The occasion was greatly enjoyed.

—Already the necessity exists for overhauling and improving the heating and ventilating machinery of the high school building. Must have been a screw loose when it was installed.

—February came in like a lion, sure enough. The figures indicating the temperature hereabouts ranged from several below zero to only slightly above on Monday morning.

—On Thursday, Feb. 11, the ladies Industrial Society of the First Baptist church are to furnish the public with a supper at 6.30 o'clock, and a Cantata at 7.45. Price of tickets 25 cents.

—Carl Swanson, 19 years old, suffered a compound fracture of one kneecap in a coasting accident on Wood's Hill last Friday evening. He was sent to the Mass. Gen. Hospital.

—Although there has not been much snow hereabouts this winter, the sleighing has been above par most of the time since the advent of 1909, and even during the previous month of December.

—The marriage engagement of Mr. William W. Crosby of Court street, son of Mrs. Florence Crosby, and Miss Marion Shaw, daughter of Mrs. Nellie Shaw of Warren avenue, is announced.

—The weather Wednesday morning was of the zero variety, although the prophets and officials had promised something milder and pleasanter. Fortunately there was no wind stirring, but the air was biting.

—There is no barking it off, Superintendent Martin has kept the sidewalks free from snow and in good condition all day. He should be commended when old enough to abandon public service on the streets.

—The General Lincoln Day Committee have decided to provide a large portrait of the martyred President with which to adorn the rear of the stage at the celebration. No embellishment could be more appropriate.

—Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Porter of Arlington Road entertained the Nickel Club at Nichols Corner last week. The Club are enjoying some pleasant meetings this winter. The members are all wideawake and full of fun.

—The General Committee of the Lincoln Day celebration need a little more money with which to defray necessary expenses. The occasion is going to be one on which people ought to be glad to spend money liberally.

—Mr. William W. Crosby conducts the musical feature of the grand rally of Y. P. S. C. E. at the First Baptist church this evening. A fine address is to be delivered by Rev. F. E. Clarke, D. D., the Father of the Order, and song singing by members.

—The Young People's Society of the Swedish Evangelical Free church are to give a concert tomorrow evening, Feb. 6, by way of celebrating the eleventh anniversary of the organization of the Society, for which a fine program has been arranged.

—Mrs. Ella J. Smith, widow of the late Eustis Smith of Main street, sailed this week for Europe, by way of the Mediterranean Sea, where she is to travel for the next few months. She will probably spend considerable time in Italy and the Riviera this winter.

—The 5th Regiment, M. V. M., of which Co. G of Woburn is a part, are to participate in the Inaugural of President Taft on the 4th of next month. Not all the members of Co. G, are expected to go with their Regiment, but a considerable number will do so.

—Mr. Charles W. Fitz, formerly of the firm of Fitz & Stanley of the Boston branch, is leaving Old Mexico in company with Mr. Walter Thompson, both being members of a Boston excursion party. These estimable gentlemen expect to be gone a couple of months, or so.

—Mr. John J. McHugh, who came here from Cincinnati, where he has a situation, last week for his wife to take her to his home there, was found dead at the home of his sister, Mrs. Walter Ward last Sunday. Medical Examiner Blake pronounced the death due to natural causes.

—As a social organization Gabalotte Club appears to be a leader this winter. It is composed of the Upper crust of City Society, by whom its weekly gatherings at the homes of male and female members are well attended. What is the favorite pastime at the evening assemblies.

—At a meeting of the Carroll County (N. H.) Teachers Association last Friday, Jan. 29, Miss Grace W. Heartz, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Heartz of this city, gave an interesting address on "Joan of Arc." Three other prominent school teachers read papers at the meeting.

—Stephen A. Norton, D. D., pastor of the First Congregational church in this city, attended the annual meeting of the Amherst College Alumni in Boston last Monday evening. There were seated at the banquet table about 600 graduates from that old and highly respectable Massachusetts institution of learning who, Mr. Norton seriously claimed, had the time of their lives.

## ELECTRIC CHICKENS.

HATCHING CHICKENS, until a few years ago, was a HEN'S BUSINESS. NOW it may be ANYBODY'S BUSINESS who has Electric Lights in his Home Incubators (Electrolators)—warmed by Electricity will hatch Chickens, Geese, Ducks, Turkeys and the results will be as perfect as the Eggs. Electric Warmth is Certain and Continuous—in the Electrolator. The warmth is furnished by connecting a heating plate in the top of the Electrolator (just over the eggs) with the ordinary Electric Lamp socket. A very sensitive regulator (thermostat) keeps the temperature more even than can the most faithful Hen.

The Electrolator gives off no offensive odors from burning gases—it cannot smoke—there is no flame to "creep up" or go out.

The Electrolator can be set up in the Living Room, Dining Room, or School Room—always interesting and profitable to grown-ups; fascinating and instructive to children.

**ELECTRIC CHICKENS AT WHITCHER'S**  
A Practical Demonstration of the Electrolator can be seen at  
A. W. Whitcher's Drug Store  
378 Main St., Woburn

Electricity for this and a hundred OTHER uses furnished by  
**Edison Electric Illuminating Co.**  
Look for Chickens at Whitcher's next Saturday.

## LYCEUM HALL, WINCHESTER

Wednesday, Feb. 10, 1909

## DEMONSTRATION

—OF THE—

## Tel-electric Piano Player

Given under the auspices of the

TEL-ELECTRIC MUSIC CO.

WITH THE FOLLOWING ARTISTS:

Mr. Clarence H. Wilson, - - - Basso  
Mr. Frank Porter, - - - 'CellistCards of admission may be secured by applying to the  
Tel-electric Music Co.

405 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

—The pupils of Wyman school are at work securing money with which to buy a piano. They think the school authorities ought to furnish the school with a piano, but have failed so far to make the Board see it in that light.

—A great company of ladies and gentlemen attended the annual concert and ball of the St. Charles C. T. A. S. in Lyceum Hall this Friday night. It was one of the best, both as to concert and dance, that the Society have ever given. Fine music, was furnished by Horn's Tremont Orchestra.

—Harvest of the ice crop began on Horn Pond last Monday. The snow was cleaned off on Saturday and on Monday morning Frank C. Nichols, Brown & Gifford and the Boston Ice Co. began cutting and hauling as fine a crop as is often seen here. A great army of men are at work on the Pond.

—St. Joseph's Parish, Montvale, are to furnish an entertainment, consisting of a musical soiree, dance and banquet, on Thursday evening, Feb. 18, inst. It is to be their annual assembly, the concert and dance to be held in Ashford Hall, and the banquet in St. Joseph's Hall. Elaborate preparations are being made for the reunion.

—Last Saturday Forrest Straub was rescued from drowning in Horn Pond by George Donette; and on Sunday William Forbes was saved from a watery grave in that sheet of water by Charles Monroe. If the boys and girls don't look out for themselves, more or less of them will meet their death in Horn Pond before next spring opens.

—The committees and promoters of the Lincoln Day celebration in this city next Friday are making satisfactory progress towards the accomplishment of their wishes and designs. The people have responded generously to the requests of the General Committee; for aid, the result of which is a promise that the public shall be given a highly creditable observance of the 100th anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln.

—To wholly dispose of their present stocks in trade, or reduce them to a minimum, preparatory to the opening of spring business, Copeland & Bowser, dry goods merchants, are selling them off regardless of cost. It affords a fine opportunity for the ladies of this city and surrounding communities to buy goods cheap—at their own figures, really—an opportunity which they will do well to promptly embrace—we say promptly, because delays are dangerous.

—From the beginning of time Scarborough (Me.) claims have enjoyed a reputation for excellence which has never been accorded to those of any other section of the New England Coast. Their superiority is universally conceded, and a generous mess of them for their dinner a few days ago convinced the JOURNAL that the praise of the Scarborough brand of the delicious hivalve is richly deserved in such palatable form as at Lookaway Inn, Pine Point, Scarborough, by Ruggles & Turnbull.

—Six weeks more of cold winter weather! The sun shone brightly at 12 o'clock Tuesday, Feb. 2, and the ground, when he cautiously emerged from his hibernating quarters, encountered no difficulty at all in seeing his shadow on the ground, and as soon as the discovery was made he, he is generally believed, retired to his underground nest to continue his snooze 40 days longer. We are pained to be obliged to make this record; but let the truth prevail through the heavens! Six weeks to wait and long for spring is a long while.

—The reason for the nonappearance of Woburn in the list of 25 towns and cities in Boston and vicinity designated for Dr. Chapman's Evangelistic work was a lack of ministers to occupy more than that number. On this account the application of Woburn, with those of other places, had to be denied. We thought that something of this sort was the case, for our clergymen are fully alive to all good words and works, and earnest and prompt to improve every means and measure calculated to promote religious interests and aid in the spread of the gospel.

—Moonlight sleighing parties have been frequent and frolicsome here this week. Besides our own people, loads of merry ones have visited here from Boston and other places, and nearly a full moon (Feb. 5) and cloudless evenings have afforded opportunities for rare pleasure accompanied by the music of the bells.

—Mrs. Mary Jennings, who, for 20 consecutive years has carried on business in this city as a trader and owner of an Employment Agency, has sold out her stock, left the store, and abandoned the sale of goods. She will, however, continue to conduct the affairs of the Intelligence Office at her home, 20 Plympton street, which patrons will find as handy and convenient to visit as formerly at the store. The trolleys run near her door.

—At the meeting of the Woman's Club in Lyceum Hall this afternoon Rev. Henry R. Rose, pastor of the Church of the Redeemer at Newark, N. J., is to give a lecture on "Paradise," which, those who have heard it say, is exceedingly entertaining. Miss Minnette Dow of Church avenue and Court street, an accomplished performer, will give musical selections on the piano during the session, to which the price of admission to members of the Club is 25 cents. Secretary G. M. B. announces that Red Cross stamps for the Messina Relief Fund will be on sale at the meeting.

—In the present month of February Lincoln Day falls on Friday, 12; St. Valentine's Day on Sunday, 14; Washington's Birthday on Monday, 22; Candlemas, or Groundhog Day, came and passed into history last Tuesday, 2. On Thursday, March 4, the Lord willing, William H. Taft will be inaugurated President of the United States to succeed Theodore Roosevelt, who has served 7 years in the Chair of State and is now about to start on a hunting trip to Central Africa. This item enumerates all the holidays it possesses any knowledge of between now and the "Ides of March."

—Last week the T. F. Boyle Co., who moved to Woburn after the destruction of their tannery at Milford, N. H., a short time ago, and have since occupied the Ballard factory on Munroe street, have bought of the American Hide & Leather Co. the Skinner factory, which will be put into first-class condition and occupied by them. It will be quite an addition to our leather producing industry, and, although "one swallow does not make a summer," may presage a revival of the business here. It is expected that the Boyle establishment, when fitted for full operations, will turn out 2000 hides a day and employ about 300 workmen.

—Preparatory to spring housecleaning, which will soon be here, bringing with it a demand for Mr. C. A. Nichols's services as carpet cleaner, it would appear to be no limit to its success. On Monday begins the seventh week of its run, and although more than one hundred and twenty thousand people have already seen "The Circus Girl," as many more are clamoring to see it.

—If you have large plans to spread them now, as Shakespeare or some one else said—or at any rate bring them forth when you next visit Boston for right here in the Park Theatre you will find the greatest laugh-provoking medley of fun and music that has ever leapt cheer to a Winter's night. Of course I mean "Fluffy Ruff." That play, which would be the necessary in Boston, for it's "Fluffy" here and "Fluffy" there—wherever men or women, or matinee girls, get a talking about the Theatre. Ask anyone who has attended the Park during this week who he or she would recommend for the Hall of Fame and the answer would be "Hattie Williams." Hattie (you find yourself calling the dear girl by her first name) has by the time the curtain has fallen on the first act is more popular here than an Automobile Show. She's all that you ever dreamed Fluffy to be—and then some. Her smile is a tonic, her gowns are dreams, her songs haunt you and her "Burlesque Impassions" of Barrymore, and Stahl, and Nazimova and Blington and the other girls we know so well (across the footlights) are like that famous animal painter's pictures—"more natural than the originals."

—Div. 18, A. O. H., are to hold a dancing party in Ashford Hall, Montvale, on Friday evening, Feb. 12.

—Mr. Arthur A. Fowle of this city, Managing Editor of the Boston Globe, discussed on Hub journalism and journalism's entertaining when he lectured just right for it. Well he may, for it must be that he is the Nestor of the Boston Managing Editors Guild, and the names of the men in the profession who he does not know need not be searched for in the directory. To an old newspaper man Editor Fowle's narratives, informally delivered, are a treat.

—The funeral of Mrs. Richards, wife of Mr. D. Hammond Richards of Eastern street, was held at 2 o'clock Saturday afternoon, Jan. 30, 1909, the services being conducted by Rev. H. C. Parker, pastor of the Unitarian church. Although the weather was inclement, a hard winter storm prevailing, a considerable number of people were present to pay their respects to the memory of the deceased and sympathize with the family left to mourn her passing away. Her daughter, Mrs. A. Bruce, who only ten days before had parted with her mother here at the close of a happy visit, came from her home in Illinois to attend the funeral; but the son, who resides at Springfield, Illinois, was unable to be present on account of illness in his family there.

—Hallowell, Maine, has one of the strongest and most progressive Boards of Trade in New England. It is doing a great deal for the benefit of that smart and prosperous city on the Kennebec. Dr. H. A. Milkin is President of the Board, and in making up his working force a few days ago placed Mr. Charles H. Dudley, Treasurer of the Hallowell Savings Institution, on the Committee on Insurance, an important position. Mr. Dudley is well and favorably known in Woburn, having, years ago, been a respected resident and business man here. While bookkeeper at the Thompson hardware establishment he made many good friends by whom he is still pleasantly remembered. He has long been at the head of the Hallowell Savings Institution, and is prominent as a resident of that city.

—We have received from the American Casting Company of Birmingham, Alabama, of which Fred T. Dow is President; D. B. Dimick Vice-President and Manager; and J. E. Dow Secretary and Treasurer; all three of whom were Woburn raised. The two Dows being sons of Mrs. Carrie E. Dow of Arlington Road, an illustrated descriptive circular entitled "Birmingham," which has been perused with interest by the Editor of the JOURNAL chiefly because of the residence of the above named Woburnites in that flourishing Southern city. Birmingham has had a wonderful growth in the last few years and is still increasing rapidly in population, business and wealth. The city and its immediate environs contain 150,000 inhabitants, and in the last 7 or 8 years 16,000 homes have been built there. It is destined soon to become the Metropolis of the South. The secret of the remarkable growth and prosperity of Birmingham lies in its unique natural resources—iron ore, coal, and limestone, the three necessary ingredients for the production of steel, in the manufacture of which, and kindred branches, nearly all the population are engaged. We are pleased to know that the American Casting Company are doing a flourishing business.

## BOSTON THEATRES.

## KEITH'S.

Without question the greatest individual attraction now in vaudeville is Rex Tanguay, the Canadian, for she is the only American artist who by her striking originality and mannerisms, who has been able to outdo in every particular the famous artists of Europe who have been appearing in American vaudeville during the past few years. Miss Tanguay is the idol of New York and it is now almost impossible to secure her services at theatres outside of the metropolis. She has been playing there almost continuously for more than twenty weeks in different theatres and always to crowded houses. In order to bring her to Boston Mr. Keith was obliged to terminate a most extraordinary run at one of his New York houses.

## CASTLE SQUARE.

Nothing but superlatives will suffice to give a satisfactory idea of the great success of "The Circus Girl" at the Castle Square. Ever since Christmas came that delightful musical comedy has run to audiences that filled the Castle Square Theatre to the doors, and from all appearances this state of things might continue indefinitely. Its popularity is phenomenal; it has broken all records at the Castle Square, and there would appear to be no limit to its success. On Monday begins the seventh week of its run, and although more than one hundred and twenty thousand people have already seen "The Circus Girl," as many more are clamoring to see it.

## THE PARK.

If you have large plans to spread them now, as Shakespeare or some one else said—or at any rate bring them forth when you next visit Boston for right here in the Park Theatre you will find the greatest laugh-provoking medley of fun and music that has ever leapt cheer to a Winter's night. Of course I mean "Fluffy Ruff." That play, which would be the necessary in Boston, for it's "Fluffy" here and "Fluffy" there—wherever men or women, or matinee girls, get a talking about the Theatre. Ask anyone who has attended the Park during this week who he or she would recommend for the Hall of Fame and the answer would be "Hattie Williams." Hattie (you find yourself calling the dear girl by her first name) has by the time the curtain has fallen on the first act is more popular here than an Automobile Show. She's all that you ever dreamed Fluffy to be—and then some. Her smile is a tonic, her gowns are dreams, her songs haunt you and her "Burlesque Impassions" of Barrymore, and Stahl, and Nazimova and Blington and the other girls we know so well (across the footlights) are like that famous animal painter's pictures—"more natural than the originals."

## City Council.

At the meeting held on Jan. 28, Robert J. Corry was elected City Auditor over A. Herbert Holland by a strict party vote—9 to 6.

Action on the veto of Mayor Bond of the pool license granted by the Board of Patrick Kelley was postponed to next meeting. The Mayor gave substantial reasons for his veto, and took occasion to remark that he hasn't much faith in licensing pool tables in former saloons. In every such petition he will find that there is a big "darkie in the woudpile."

Petitions for various privileges were received from the New England Tel. & Tel. Co., the Edison Electric Co., the Boston & Northern St. Railway Co., and properly disposed of. Other business of minor importance was attended to.

## Literary Notices.

The ring of steel, the swish of the hockey club and all the delights of the healthy and vigorous winter sport of Ice Hockey are contained in the very attractive front cover page (in colors) of the February American Boy. The contents of this issue are not only particularly varied but of especial timeliness. A fine serial entitled In Old Shiawassee, by John T. McIntyre, telling of the experiences of a pioneer boy in Michigan, starts in this issue, and Frontier Boys on the Overland Trail is continued with increasing interest. The final chapters of That Dillingham Boy are given. The departments will please every boy with a hobby, and in addition there are over 30 illustrations. \$1.00 a year. The Sprague Publishing Co., Detroit, Mich.

If You Are A Trifle Sensitive About the size of your shoes, it's some consolation to know that many people can wear shoes a size smaller by sprinkling Allen's Foot-Ease into them. Just the thing for Patent Leather shoes, and for breaking in New Shoes. Sold Everywhere, 25c.

## DUELING IN ITALY.

How the Count of Turin Came to Fight Prince Henry of Orleans.

The greatest duel of modern days in Italy was that between the Count of Turin and Prince Henry of Orleans. It came about in a curious manner. Prince Henry had insulted the Italian army after the battle of Adowa and one day received a telegraphic challenge to a duel signed "Victor Emmanuel." The challenge was accepted, and thus Crisp, who was prime minister, came to know of the crown prince's impulsive action and interfered. "But," said King Humbert, his father, "how can it be stopped? Our honor is now involved." Crisp thought a moment and then exclaimed: "I have it! The Count of Turin is Victor Emmanuel also!" And thus he was the one who fought.

This was followed by one of those genial practical jokes which convulsed Europe. France at that time hated Italy and never lost an opportunity to sneer at her. It must be explained that in Rome there was always at carnival time a characteristic figure of a little old man with an immense sword riding a donkey, who was a caricature of the age of chivalry and was called "General Mamaglia la Rocca." One day in the French papers appeared an imposing announcement that General Mamaglia in Rocca threw his glove at the feet of the entire French nation and cast their base insinuations in their teeth, inviting any or all to mortal fight. Replies were not long in coming, one of which was from a noted fencer and duelist of his day, M. Tomouguen, appointing his seconds and announcing their arrival in Rome. France was on the quiver, from government personages to the humblest citizen, and when the trick played upon them was discovered all Europe shrieked with laughter, and France the loudest of all.—Pall Mall Gazette.

England's National Anthem. The hymn which is the national anthem with which every Englishman indeed every very few Englishmen indeed are familiar. But it was given, apparently in all good faith, in an old Hanoverian musical work, and the darling of the last shuffling almost recollects one to the rocking character of the sentiment.

God save great George, our king!  
Long live our noble king!  
Long live the king!  
Send us round beef a store,  
If it's good, send us more,  
And the glory of the collar door,  
That we may drink.

—London Chronicle.

## Hotel Property FOR SALE.

The property known as the Central House, consisting of 60 rooms, cafe, dining room, bath, etc., steam heated. Also, stables, 2 stories with stalls on 2d floor; 3d floor occupied by the Woburn Journal Printing Plant, together with 20,076 feet of land, or will sell Central House with 12,398 feet of land, separate.

This property has a frontage of over 200 feet on Main street, and is an excellent opportunity for stores, as there is a great demand for the same. C. E. SMITH, 439 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

**OIL**  
Delivered at your Door  
RELIABLE SERVICE  
PROMPT DELIVERY  
Drop a postal card  
**GEO. O'BRIEN**  
THE OIL MAN  
11 FOSTER ST., WOBURN

WILLIAM FREDERICK DAVIS, JR.,  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW  
608, 609 Sears Building, Boston, Mass.  
EVENING OFFICE AT  
Woburn, Mass.

Telephone...  
...Insurance

...Guards against physical and mental wear and tear;

...Saves steps to the grocer's or the provision dealer's;

...Brings the doctor in life-or-death emergencies, when time-saving is vital;

...Provides instantaneous communication with police or fire departments when necessary;

...Offers a cheap and effective plan for overcoming toil and worry;

...Gives a mental satisfaction from the mere knowledge of its presence in the house;

...The premiums are small. An agent will visit you and furnish particulars if you will write or call the Local Manager



New England  
Telephone and  
Telegraph Company

## A Diamond Bought Now

Is better than money in the bank. Diamonds are as cheap now as they ever will be—when times are better prices will advance. We bought them right, we sell them right.

Smith & Varney,  
JEWELERS.

No. 409 Main Street, WOBURN

Fine Repairing in all its branches.

## HARDWARE

Cutlery, Painters' Supplies, Kitchen  
Furnishings, Tin and Sheet Iron Work.

H. B. BLYE & CO.,  
359 MAIN ST., Opp. The Common.  
Telephone connection.

## SPECIAL BARGAINS

During Our Reduction Sale.

G. R. GAGE & CO.  
Fine Tailors,

395 Main Street, Woburn

## Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

## MIDDLESEX, ss.

## PROBATE COURT.







## Where the Heart Is.

By GRANT OWEN.

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The hansom rolled slowly up the avenue through the mellow sunshine of the Indian summer afternoon. Its sole occupant, a very broad shouldered young man, leaned back on the cushions and smoked a contemplative cigarette, abstractedly watching through half closed eyes the stream of traffic whirling past.

He was a good natured, indolent looking young man, one of the kind who very evidently enjoyed being at ease. Yet in the dark eyes there was a certain light of determination, a certain hint of latent power that made one feel inclined to forgive his apparent laziness.

Suddenly the young man sat erect. He leaned forward, peering intently at a figure on the crowded sidewalk. He watched it steadily for a moment, while his indolence fled from him like a sleek cat, and his eyes opened wider and wider.

Impatiently he flicked the cigarette to the pavement and stood up to open the trap above his head.

"Hi!" he called to the caddy. "I say, there, pull up to the curb and set me down, will you? And be quick about it."

The hansom swerved sharply and drew up at the curb. The young man scrambled out, quite forgetful of his usual slow dignity in his haste. He thrust up a bill to the caddy, and without waiting for his change he went briskly up the avenue in pursuit of the figure he had just seen.

He elbowed his way along, now side-stepping some group which blocked his headlong progress, now all but breaking into a run in his eagerness.

Ahead of him he caught a fleet glimpse of a large but with a blue feather that seemed to serve as a necessary incentive to his hurrying steps.

When he had almost reached it the blue feather turned a corner into a quiet side street, and the young man in hot pursuit followed after.

Here the sidewalks, being less crowded, gave him better opportunity for speed. In a moment he had overtaken the blue feather and touched its wearer lightly on the arm.

She turned, and her eyes rested on him with a sudden eager light in them.

"Ted!" cried the girl happily. "Ted, of all the people in the world!"

"You have led me a frightful chase, Patty," he panted, with mock severity.

"It's a little thing," she said, and then, "I was in a hansom on the avenue, and I saw you passing," he explained. "I pulled up and gave chase about."

"What are you doing here?" she demanded, although her eyes told plainly that she knew very well the answer to her question.

"Any way? Surely you are not up here, with horses this time of year. I didn't suppose there was any power on earth that could drag a Northfort from Virginia at this season."

"A little clipping from a morning paper early in the week is responsible for my appearance," said he. "It stated that you and your mother had just returned from abroad."

"Oh, really?" she mocked. "I suppose I should feel vastly flattered to be able to bring you up here. Think of it! The wild turkey shooting must be something wonderful now, to say nothing of the Redfields hunt. They're riding just now, of course."

"Yes, they're riding," said he. "But somehow it's pretty tame sport when you're not along, Patty."

She looked at him suddenly, and a faint red crept into her cheeks. "Oh, pshaw!" she laughed. "You Virginians certainly know how to pay compliments, don't you?"

She said it lightly enough, but her voice was not altogether steady. The young man's sudden and unlooked for appearance seemed to have disconcerted her somewhat.

"Wa Virginia," he repeated thoughtfully. "Then you don't count yourself one of us any longer, Patty?"

"Well, I fear I'm a bit weaned from the old place," she confessed. "You see, since father died and we came back here to live with my mother's people I've been made to feel that I, or a part of me at least, belongs up here. Father was the Virginian, you know."

The young man stiffened. "You've heard that, Patty?" he said, and then, with something like disappointment in his voice. "You used to say that you were Virginian to the backbone—that there was no place on earth like it."

"That was before I had seen the other places," said she, and then, "I see," said he, with a certain odd constraint, "of course."

Bit by bit he drew out of her an account of her travels and experiences during the past three years. He listened thoughtfully, but with clouding brows.

"Of course," he observed at length, "you'd find it all very dull back there. The old life would appeal to you no more. There'd be no fun for you to go turkey shooting, as you used to, or to ride to the hounds down the valley and over to Clark's."

"You wouldn't care about Tim Fairfield's geldings, nor would you be wondering where in the country we could find a hunter that could top a six rail fence and make a decent landing?"

To his surprise, a look almost of pain came into the girl's eyes. She held out her hand to stop him.

"Don't!" she said. "Don't! I can't bear it."

Northfort caught his breath sharply. "What's this?" he cried, rather dazed by this unexpected turn of things.

He looked at her more closely. He saw that her eyes were moist. She turned her head sharply from him and angrily brushed something from her cheek.

"I—I suppose I'm ungrateful and unappreciative and all that sort of thing," she confessed lamely. "But, Ted, honestly, those very things you've just been saying don't care for are the very things I care for the most. I'm—I'm homesick, Ted; that's the trouble—just plain, honest, old-fashioned homesick. I'm tired of all this. I was never fitted for it."

"This life up here," she said, "is eminently proper and fit for me—I simply can't stand. If you only knew how I longed to be back there—not for a day, as you go now and then occasionally—but forever, you'd never chide me again. You'd pity me instead. I

try not to show it for mother's sake, but sometimes I can't help it. I suppose it is my father's blood in my veins. I was born in Virginia and paradise were synonyms."

Northfort straightened himself. When he was thoroughly aroused he was a decidedly handsome man.

His brows were drawn together in a frown, there were lines about the corners of his mouth. He was enjoying the unaccustomed luxury of thinking deeply.

Presently he turned to her. There was a great light in his eyes.

"Patty," he asked, "do you know why I came up here?"

She shook her head.

"I came," he said, "because ever since you left I have not had a moment's peace. You have dominated every thought, every action, every moment of my life. I couldn't stand it any longer. When I learned you were back from abroad I came up here to see you, to find you a changed and different person. You have dominated me ever since the day you left. I can't stand it any longer. I thought you'd laugh at the old life and make light of it—that probably you would have outgrown it and forgotten it. Do you mean what you have just said?" he asked, suddenly.

"Every word of it," she said, with emphasis.

"Dearie," he said gently, "why don't you come back to it? Why don't you marry me? We'll live on the old place where the Northforts have lived ever since Jamestown was built. We'll ride with the Redfield crows, and we'll have a stableful of timber tappers that can't be equaled in seven counties. We'll—"

A light touch on his arm interrupted him. She was looking at him with radiant eyes.

"Ted, I will," she said firmly. "When can we go?"

"Tomorrow, the day after—any time," said he.

"Tomorrow? Oh, that's ages in the future. Today, Ted, today. We'll be married this afternoon and start back tonight. Call a cab. We must drive up to the house and tell mother."

The Workman and His Tools.

It is noted in "Voice and Violin" that a well known orchestral conductor was once much annoyed by the constant tuning of a violin, which continued long after the musicians were at their desks, whereupon he remarked to another shrewd and experienced fellow, do please stop all that tuning!

You ought to be able to play in tune when the strings are not exactly correct."

He calls to mind two occurrences in Washington. On one occasion a certain foreman of binding in the government printing office was compelled to call a bookbinder's attention to a poor piece of workmanship. The binder sneered at him, saying that it was his business to make a good book, and that the foreman made the mistake of making a good workman do good work with any kind of tools."

Not long ago the newspapers had a sad story of a certain old man, whose education was sadly neglected. He was employed in a cigar store on Pennsylvania avenue.

One day after finishing his chores the proprietor and several others saw him drawing a box with a very heavy key, apparently reading. The proprietor, knowing that he could not read, said to him:

"Why, Abner, where did you learn to read? I didn't know you could read."

"A little clipping from a morning paper early in the week is responsible for my appearance," said he. "It stated that you and your mother had just returned from abroad."

"Oh, really?" she mocked. "I suppose I should feel vastly flattered to be able to bring you up here. Think of it! The wild turkey shooting must be something wonderful now, to say nothing of the Redfields hunt. They're riding just now, of course."

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To his surprise, a look almost of pain came into the girl's eyes. She held out her hand to stop him.

"Don't!" she said. "Don't! I can't bear it."

Northfort caught his breath sharply. "What's this?" he cried, rather dazed by this unexpected turn of things.

He looked at her more closely. He saw that her eyes were moist. She turned her head sharply from him and angrily brushed something from her cheek.

"I—I suppose I'm ungrateful and unappreciative and all that sort of thing," she confessed lamely. "But, Ted, honestly, those very things you've just been saying don't care for are the very things I care for the most. I'm—I'm homesick, Ted; that's the trouble—just plain, honest, old-fashioned homesick. I'm tired of all this. I was never fitted for it."

"This life up here," she said, "is eminently proper and fit for me—I simply can't stand. If you only knew how I longed to be back there—not for a day, as you go now and then occasionally—but forever, you'd never chide me again. You'd pity me instead. I

try not to show it for mother's sake, but sometimes I can't help it. I suppose it is my father's blood in my veins. I was born in Virginia and paradise were synonyms."

Northfort straightened himself. When he was thoroughly aroused he was a decidedly handsome man.

His brows were drawn together in a frown, there were lines about the corners of his mouth. He was enjoying the unaccustomed luxury of thinking deeply.

Presently he turned to her. There was a great light in his eyes.

"Patty," he asked, "do you know why I came up here?"

She shook her head.

"I came," he said, "because ever since you left I have not had a moment's peace. You have dominated every thought, every action, every moment of my life. I couldn't stand it any longer. When I learned you were back from abroad I came up here to see you, to find you a changed and different person. You have dominated me ever since the day you left. I can't stand it any longer. I thought you'd laugh at the old life and make light of it—that probably you would have outgrown it and forgotten it. Do you mean what you have just said?" he asked, suddenly.

## A DARING BUCCANEER

Edward Thatch, Who Was Known as the Blackbeard Pirate.

His Battle with Maynard.

After the Hand to Hand Conflict the Desperado's Head Hung at the Bow-sprit End of the Lieutenant's Sloop as She Sailed Back to Virginia.

It is almost 200 years since Edward Thatch, better known as the pirate Blackbeard, was a name with which to terrorize the Atlantic coast of the then new country of America. As a buccaneer whose deeds of desperate daring made him feared wherever his name was known he stands a close rival of the famous Captain Kidd. If indeed in some respects he did not surpass that notorious freebooter.

The date of Thatch's birth is lost in history, and his native place is variously given as Bristol and Jamaica. He first appears as a foreman hand to Major Stede Bonnet, a gentleman of Barbados, who, although a man of property and having small knowledge of the sea, thought proper to fit out a sloop and take to the high seas, an explanation of his being a little disaffected being charitably given by one biographer. However that may be, his crew missed in the major the qualities of a successful commander. They were ill equipped for the task which was placed. Bonnet was tried and executed in 1711.

Thatch's first independent exploit of which we have a detailed account took place in June, 1718, when he captured two French ships near the Bermudas, one laden with sugar, the other empty. Transferring to the latter the crew of the laden vessel and letting them go their way, he sailed with his prize of vessel and sugar for Barbouth, N. C., where the governor of which place, Charles Eden, he had previously arrived at a pleasant understanding.

Thatch gave out that he had found the French ship deserted. Governor Eden received sixty heads of sugar and a quantity of rum, and in return, one laden with sugar, the other empty. Transferring to the latter the crew of the laden vessel and letting them go their way, he sailed with his prize of vessel and sugar for Barbouth, N. C., where the governor of which place, Charles Eden, he had previously arrived at a pleasant understanding.

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## THE WOBURN SCHOOL.

Lesson VI.—First Quarter, For Feb. 7, 1909.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Acts iv, 32, to v, 11. Memory Verses, 32, 33—Golden Text, Prov. xii, 22—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

[Copyright, 1908, by American Press Association.] The greatest work in the last verses of chapter iv is found in verse 33. "With great power gave the apostles witness of the resurrection of the Lord Jesus, and all the people glorified."

They realized and manifested something of the power of His resurrection in their daily lives and enjoyed a fulfillment of the grace of II Cor. ix, 8, which was grace that could be seen, as in Acts xi, 23. Grace is the fruit of the revelation of Jesus Christ (Rom. ii, 24; Eph. i, 8; Rom. v, 2; I Pet. i, 13). From first to last redemption is wholly of grace through the merits of Jesus Christ without any selfishness or merit on the part of the sinner. The grace of God is the power of His resurrection in their daily lives and enjoyed a fulfillment of the grace of II Cor. ix, 8, which was grace that could be seen, as in Acts xi, 23. Grace is the fruit of the revelation of Jesus Christ (Rom. ii, 24; Eph. i, 8; Rom. v, 2; I Pet. i, 13). From first to last redemption is wholly of grace through the merits of Jesus Christ without any selfishness or merit on the part of the sinner.

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## The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.  
Residence 280.

FRIDAY, FEB. 12, 1909

## LINCOLN DAY PROGRAM.

The Lincoln Centennial Birthday Anniversary exercises are to be held in Lyceum Hall at 8 o'clock this evening, Feb. 12, with the following

## PROGRAM

Overture High School Orchestra.  
Invocation Henry B. Williams, D. D.  
Introductory Address Capt. Edwin F. Wyer.  
Song, To Thee, O Country High School Chorus.  
Lincoln's Gettysburg Address Harold L. Childs.  
Song, My Own United States Miss Margaret Sawyer.  
Address Mr. Frank B. Richardson.  
Selection Orchestra.  
Song, Star Spangled Banner Miss Sawyer and Chorus.  
Song, The Deathless Army Miss Sawyer.  
Address Rev. W. H. Rider.  
America Orchestra.  
Selection

## THE LEGISLATURE.

Today the General Court, in mass-meeting assembled at the State House, are listening to an oration on Lincoln by United States Senator Henry Cabot Lodge. This is done to honor the memory of President Lincoln by way of observing the 100th anniversary of his birthday.

The oration is to be delivered, and other exercises held, about noon.

John B. Moran of Boston, Prosecuting Attorney for Suffolk County, died at Phoenix, Arizona, on Feb. 6, of pulmonary consumption after a long hard battle with that disease. At the close of a strenuous political campaign he became seriously ill of throat trouble, and a year ago visited Colorado to recuperate. From there he went to Arizona, but failed to find the health he sought and fought for, and was conquered at last. He was an able lawyer and honest man. He died poor, although in the receipt of a large income from the practice of law, because he had no conception of the value of wealth, and a generous heart would not allow of his keeping the money he earned. Mr. Moran opened his first law office in Woburn, where he practiced a few months, and then moved to Dorchester. He was an intimate friend and Boston law partner of Hon. John P. Feeney, former Mayor, for several terms, of this city, and frequently came out here to call on him and his other friends.

Opposition to secret societies and clubs in town and city public schools is evidently growing stronger as time passes and careful consideration more serious and careful consideration. School authorities, who heretofore have been indifferent, are beginning to be heard in opposition to such organizations, and even in Boston, the last place on earth to abandon antiquated ideas and playground habits, some teachers, and other enlightened people, are setting their faces against secret class societies preventing their formation, and rooting them out, so far as it is possible to do so. We do not know how the Woburn School Board and teaching force stand on this question. It is noticed that some State Legislatures are making laws prohibiting the organization of such societies; and, perhaps, by and by, conservative Massachusetts may possibly get round to thinking that such a law would be a tolerable good thing for home consumption, and do something about having one.

"The Postlude," which occupies half a dozen pages of the February issue of the *New England Magazine*, is a rattling good story, penned in a lively, spicy vein, and is highly entertaining from opening to close. Its author is Miss Gladys E. Holden, daughter of Hon. Joshua B. Holden, one of the solid men of Boston, a native and former resident of Woburn, the young lady having been a member of Class '09 in Radcliffe College, Cambridge, and evidently a talented one with the pen. The story was awarded second prize of \$50 in the "Short Stories" series, for the four best in which the publishers offered liberal cash prizes. It is a relief to find no sick swains, or sighing maidens in "The Postlude."

The colored portrait of Abraham Lincoln that adorns the titlepage of the February number of the *National Magazine* of Boston, is the best of the Civil War President that has ever been printed. It is from the studio of the Boston Sculpture Company, two of the officers of which are Woburn young men, and is from a bust of Lincoln modeled by Signor Gironi, an Americanized Italian, who is a recognized genius in the production of plastic art works. The *National's* picture of Lincoln is certainly a fine one, and is worthy of the praise bestowed on it by the Editor of that magazine.

It is insinuated that the managers of public service corporations in Boston and vicinity had a hand in the refusal of the State Senate to make Feb. 12, 1909, a Legal Holiday; and likewise, that the influence of Gov. Draper, whose Company give employment to a large number of workmen, had not a little to do in shaping the Senate's course on the bill; at any rate, the Governor appeared to give considerable heed to the protests of the Boston school teachers against the passage of the Act.

It is asserted in some of the Boston papers that Congressman Samuel W. McCall of this District is seriously considering an earnest invitation to become President of Dartmouth College at Hanover, N. H., from which he graduated a good many years ago. Dartmouth is an old and famous college, and it would not be surprising if McCall, who is now 59 years old, should soon become its President.

An article in the Boston *News Bureau* of Feb. 4, treats of the "American Telephone & Telegraph Co." in such a manner as to throw much light on the actual and comparative standing of the Bell system, and, at the same time, showing where the Independents are. In number of stations in the whole country the Bell leads the Independents two to one, and the article in the *News Bureau* proves it.

It wasn't any wonder that the Chairman of the Senate Committee on Legal Affairs was called a second Wilkes Booth by members of the Massachusetts House for his unpatriotic attitude towards the Lincoln Holiday Bill.

## LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements  
Edison Co.—Lights.  
C. R. Hudson—Citation.  
Dillinger & Stevens—Citation.

The snow went off very rapidly late last week.

The "No School" signal sounded clear and strong last Wednesday morning.

The War Veteran Abijah Thompson is recovering his health in good shape.

Lincoln Day exercises were held in the North Congregational church last evening.

We heard, in a roundabout way, that Gov. Draper issued a Lincoln Day proclamation.

The pupils of Wyman school are busy trying to get money enough to buy a piano for the school.

Evacuation and St. Patrick's Days, not being movable feasts, always come together, March 17.

A snowstorm of considerable magnitude Tuesday night turned into a heavy rain Wednesday morning.

No finer grapes ever grew on the vines in Italy than those that Angelo Crovo is providing the public with.

Burglars raided the High school one night last week and stole about \$20 from the desk of Master Low.

The trolleys run at the foot of Plympton street, near Mrs. Jennings's Intelligence Office. Don't forget this.

The Woburn postoffice is closed today during the customary hours in honor of the birth of Abraham Lincoln.

The St. Charles C. T. A. S. are preparing for their annual minstrel show to be given, as usual, on St. Patrick's Day evening.

In order to secure delivery this morning to city subscribers the *JOURNAL* was struck off and sent to the postoffice last evening.

Chief of Police McDermott reported only 19 arrests during the month of January last. That was a pretty clean record for a town of 15,000 inhabitants.

First Church of Christ Scientist will hold a Lincoln Day service Friday evening at 7.45. Subject: "Freedom." A short address will be given by Samuel W. Mumford.

E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

Mr. Charles M. Strout and some other Woburn people have attended several meetings in Boston and reported favorably on them.

Editor Haggerty of the *Times* has been awarded the contract to print the City Reports for the year 1908. It is perfectly safe to say that the job will be well and promptly executed.

The Celtic Association are to inaugurate a games tournament at their rooms in the *JOURNAL* building on Tuesday, Feb. 16, to consist of whist, pool, forty-five, and other games.

The police made successful liquor raids last Sunday, and the sellers were duly fined. But little illicit rummelling is carried on here, and those engaged in it are sharply watched by the lynx-eyed police.

The yield of ice on Horn Pond was quickly garnered by the two Companies that supply Woburn and Winchester, and the Boston one. It was a fine quality of ice, and the big houses are full of it.

At the annual dinner given by the Directors of the Baptist Church in Boston the other evening 53 members of the Faculty and Executive Staff were present in Burdett Hall. As usual, it was a pleasant party.

For the first 8 or 10 days it certainly did look as though the ground-hog had missed a figure in his weather calculations, for 55 and 60 degrees in February didn't look much like "6 weeks sledding in March."

This is Lincoln Day; next Sunday is St. Valentine's Day; Monday, the 15th, "Remember The Maine" Day, to be observed in Boston; a week from next Monday, Feb. 22, Washington's Birthday; and so on to the end of the chapter.

In cordial response to an invitation from Post 33, G. A. R., Thomas Moore, Commander, Burbank W. R. C. 84, are to march in a body, with badges, to Lyceum Hall at 7.15 o'clock this evening to attend the Lincoln Day exercises there.

At the meeting of the City Council on Feb. 4, President Lynch refused to accept the proffered resignation of Ald. Higley from the Committee on Police and License. Action on the Mayor's veto of Kelley's pool license was postponed to next meeting.

The Central House property, consisting of tavern, stables, the *JOURNAL* building, and a large plot of ground, is among the most valuable pieces of real estate in this city. Mrs. G. F. Jones has put it into the hands of Mr. C. E. Smith, Real Estate Agent, for sale.

Next Sunday is St. Valentine's Day, in the celebration of which Cupid is Master of Ceremonies, although Cupid usually plays an important part in the exercises of the Day. It is high time the boys and girls were sending their Valentine's envelopes in which to send their Valentines.

## ELECTRIC LIGHTS ON TRIAL.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO TAKE OUR WORD FOR IT.

If you are occupying a Suite, House, Store, or any other building that is fitted with electric wires and where our lighting service is convenient, you can become a customer for a month on trial.

We will loan you the lamps and if necessary will loan you some fixtures. On this trial we will notify you as soon as you have used \$1 worth of electricity, or \$2 or any sum you set, so that you limit your expense.

We are confident you will find Electric Light the most Healthful—Best Light—you ever used, and it is economical if properly used, because it comes and goes at the finger's touch.

Drop us a card or Phone us **NOW**, at Oxford 3300 collect, and our agent will call and arrange details.

## The Edison Electric Illuminating Co.,

39 Boylston Street, BOSTON

—Dr. B. R. Harmon is spending the winter in Florida.

Some of the schools of this city are holding Lincoln Day exercises today.

Pneumonia prevails to some extent in this city just now; but only a very few fatal cases are reported.

Gabalotte Club are to meet with Cashier and Mrs. Edward Johnson at their Warren avenue home this evening.

Miss Annie Wood, Assistant Librarian, daughter of Hon. Alva St. Paul, died at her home on Pleasant street yesterday forenoon, Feb. 11, 1909, aged 57 years.

It is reported that Judge Edward F. Johnson of the Fourth Middlesex District Court and Mrs. Johnson are soon to leave here for a trip to and visit in Southern California.

Mrs. Almira W. Brown is to entertain the Woman's Missionary Society of First church at her home on Arlington Road at 3 o'clock this afternoon, Feb. 12. Mrs. C. N. Kelley is to lecture on "The New and Farther East," and Mrs. J. W. Fox will handle Current Events.

Among the Woburn people who attended the annual dinner of Burdett College in Boston last week, were Miss Mabel Rosenquist, Miss Effie Sweetser, Miss Ida Robbins, Miss Frances Kane, and Mr. A. U. Dickson. The Burdett, proprietors of the College, are Woburn residents.

Miss Josephine Ellis is to sail in May next from New York on the steamer *Devonian* for Europe, first to fulfill a promise to visit friends in England; then, to travel in Great Britain and on the Continent for several months. She has made many visits to and toured Europe extensively.

Co. G are raising funds with which to defray the expenses of those members who are to attend the Inauguration of President Taft at Washington on March 4, with the 5th Mass. Regiment. The public are respectfully invited to contribute to the fund and help the Woburn soldiers along.

Arthur W. Whitcher's latest achievement is hatching chickens at his drugstore in an electric incubator, the first one of which left its shell last Friday morning, to the amazement of a big crowd of people. What will not electricity do next? Whitcher will be the first person to find out, and utilize it.

Besides doing a good business as Notary Public, Justice of the Peace, Conveyancer, etc., Mr. Michael J. Mulken enjoys a profitable patronage as Agent for European steamship Companies. He sells tickets for and exchange on foreign banks, for which, especially in the summertime his Agency has a fine patronage.

Several of the churches in this city whose committees last Sunday to cooperate in an endeavor to secure some of the preachers laboring in the great revival meetings now being held in Woburn and vicinity for a season of Evangelistic work here immediately after Feb. 27, when Rev. Dr. Chapman's Greater Boston soul-saving campaign closes.

Hardly a winter of late years has advanced to near the middle of February with so little snow on the ground as there has been this winter. Mr. Myers, Superintendent of the Woburn Division of the Boston & Northern Street Railway, has had, comparatively speaking, no trouble from snow covering the tracks of his different lines up to date, and sincerely hopes he may not have.

—Mr. Harlow C. Seeley of Woburn is to stage "The Private Secretary" at Quincy on Feb. 19. He has had considerable experience in dramatic presentations and is no slouch of a playactor himself.

The gentleman to whom Miss Gladys M. Aldrich, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry M. Aldrich, is engaged to be married to is Mr. George Hutchings, who is the popular Submaster of the Melrose High school.

The snow and rain last Wednesday made the "going," as it is called up in New Hampshire, about as mean here as they make it anywhere, summer or winter. It was slushy, cold to the feet, nasty, and as disagreeable walking as one could imagine. Still, it was much to be preferred to a Western blizzard.

This is not a legal holiday, therefore, business places, schools, and City Hall, are all trudging along just as though nothing of a holiday aspect or flavor was on the carpet. The recent Act of Congress making Feb. 12, 1909, a holiday affected only the District of Columbia, the Territories, Postoffices, etc.

If the valentine reception and entertainment of the young ladies of the First Congregational church, between the ages of 16 and 30, tendered them by the young men, to come off on Feb. 16, is not a good time, it will surely not be the fault of the Committee of Arrangements, as they have put in lots of time and expense to make it a memorable evening. Over 300 invitations are out for it.—X.

If Mr. Clarence Stetson, who the First Congregational church recently engaged to do religious work among the young people of this city, should conclude to spend the next few months in Colorado, as is now the talk, it is said that Dr. Frank Clarke and Submaster Brock of the High school are to continue the work begun by him here. Our acquaintance with Mr. Brock is limited, but we know Mr. Clarke, who, a few years ago, occupied the same position in the High school which is now filled by Mr. Brock, and who, a teacher there, did successful missionary work among Woburn young people, and exerted an influence which made for their moral and religious good. It is to be hoped that Mr. Clarke and Mr. Brock, are to fill the responsible office for which Mr. Stetson was engaged.

The managers of the grand Y. P. S. C. E. rally in the First Baptist church one evening last week supposed they had reason to believe it would attract a much larger audience than appeared at it, and the famous Father of the Order, Rev. F. E. Clarke, who preached on that occasion, must have felt disappointed at the small show of hearers who were gathered close around the pulpit, and the empty seats beyond. But if the distinguished speaker and the managers had paused a few moments for serious reflections on the conditions existing here, their wonder at the small size of the audience would have been considerably less. It would have occurred to them that, socially, this is a gay and busy season in Woburn; that entertainments of many kinds; dancing; bridge; club gatherings; particularly, church dramas; solaces; theatres and similar innocent amusements, demand so much of the time and activities of the members of the Y. P. S. C. E. and other young people, that a more numerous gathering of them at the Baptist meeting-house last week could not reasonably have been expected.

—Mr. and Mrs. Horace B. Lambert of Chelsea, Mass., announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Mary Alice Lambert, to Mr. Perley B. White of Woburn.

Mr. Dwight A. Haynes, brother of Mr. Amariah V. Haynes of this city, died at the Soldiers Home in Chelsea a few days ago at the ripe age of 81 years. He was a Veteran of the Civil War, having served in the 52d Mass. Vol. Regiment, and had been at the Home only about a week. His death leaves but one survivor of a large Western Massachusetts family, Mr. A. V. Haynes of Woburn, who is 85 years old.

Prevented by illness, Mr. James H. Callahan, the old B. & M. gateman at Church avenue, has not visited the gateman's little lodge by the tracks since his return from Ireland early last fall. But he sends word to the keeper of the lodge, and to his numerous friends who cluster thickly around it, that he will surely put in an appearance simultaneously with the first blizzard, or robin redbreast, to arrive there to joyously and gleefully announce the advent of spring.

As Mr. A. H. Whitford is a young man Woburn born and bred an article taken from the *Buffalo* (N. Y.) *Express* and printed in another column of the *JOURNAL* will, doubtless, interest many people in this city. He is one of the most successful Y. M. C. A. General Secretaries and Managers in the country, and it is not at all surprising that the clergy and Christian laymen of Buffalo should object to his leaving there to prosecute the work and build up a strong Association at Pittsburgh.

In velocity of wind, continuance of downpour, and amount of precipitation, no rainstorm of this winter, or of last fall, could possibly have held a candle to that of last Wednesday in a fairly conducted comparison. The rain fell poured all day without the least cessation, now and then a little more violently than at other times; and the wind gave us a pretty stiff gale from morning to night. Milkmen's horses appeared to be about the only real sufferers from the storm; and they, perhaps, were not so uncomfortable as their drooping heads and tails would lead one to believe and excite his sympathy.

Numerous regular worshippers at other of our city churches came over to the First Congregational last Sunday to hear Rev. Dr. Norton, the pastor, preach on Abraham Lincoln, the title of his theme being "God's Good Man," and not one of them was disappointed, for the sermon was an excellent one. Lincoln's modesty and patience and gentle sympathy, said Dr. Norton, his unselfishness and personal honor and utter devotion of himself to the cause of right and freedom, attest his divine commission. The expectations of the visitors from neighboring churches were fully and most agreeably realized. Years ago Rev. Dr. Norton was a resident and preacher in Illinois. Lincoln's adopted State—indeed, his parish, was located in a town not far from the theatre in which the most stirring scenes of the famous "Blackhawk War" were enacted, in 1832, in which Abraham Lincoln was Captain of a Company in the force commanded by Jeff Davis afterwards President of the Southern Confederacy, where the virtues of the great President were familiar to, and his memory honored and revered by, all. Rev. Dr. Norton's sermon was a fitting prelude to the Lincoln Birthday celebration here today.

## BOSTON THEATRES.

## KEITH'S.

Eva Tanguay, who has been the sensation of the week in Boston will hold over and head another big bill at Keith's Theatre. Miss Tanguay's new songs have struck the town with even greater force than those with which she has attained popularity and she is now unquestionably the strongest drawing card in vaudeville. During her second week she will make several changes but retain those features of which the public never seems to tire.

## THE GAIETY.

The acme of perfection has about been reached in the burlesque field with the world's renowned Reilly and Woods Big Show which Messrs. Jacobs and Jermon present at the new and handsome Gaiety Theatre next week. It is safe to say that in no field of theatricals have such strides been made as has been in Burlesque during the past few seasons. These shows have grown bigger every year, and at the present time it is not unusual for a manager to expend \$25,000 or \$30,000 on a production before the curtain rises on the first night of the season.

## CASTLE SQUARE.

At last the end is in sight. After eight weeks and a half of success hitherto unknown either at the Castle Square or in Boston, "The Circus Girl" will next week receive its final performance. Nothing will be left undone by Mr. Craig to make these a series of gala farewells, and on Friday he will celebrate the one hundredth performance. Already the run of seats is tremendous, and in order to avoid disappointment, those who have not seen "The Circus Girl," or who wish to see it again, should obtain their tickets as far in advance as possible. The cast will, as usual, be headed by Mr. Craig, as Dick Capel, by Miss Young as Lucile, by Miss Biale as La Favorita, and Kenneth Hill, George Hassell, Theodore Friebus, William Everts, Donald Meek, Kate Ryan, Minnette Cleveland and Catherine Tallman in the other leading roles.

## THE BOSTON.

The Boston Theatre, under new management, will regain its old time greatness and start a new and more illustrious career in the amusement world on Monday night, Feb. 15, when it will swing into line with the Auditorium in Chicago and the New Amsterdam in New York as the third of a trio of huge producing theatres in which only the most ambitious theatrical entertainments will be staged. The opening attraction under the new regime will be Cohan & Harris' Minstrels with George Evans and one hundred honey boys. Geo. M. Cohan wrote and produced this new minstrel show which has overturned all the traditions of negro minstrelsy and given the art of black face entertainment a new lease of life. George Evans, at the head of this combination, is shapely selection. He has been put forth under circumstances that redound to the credit of all concerned. The bill as unfolded is rich in material, and yet there is not an excess of anything in it. It is a merry lark this reconstruction of minstrelsy and the con-song, the rag-time melody, the break-down, the clog-dance, end men and all drive away the common foe of humanity—dull care. It is an all-star minstrel show, with 800 seats for \$81 one dollar on the ground floor.

Telephone...  
...Insurance

...Guards against physical and mental wear and tear;  
...Saves steps to the grocer's or the provision dealer's;  
...Brings the doctor in life-or-death emergencies, when time-saving is vital;  
...Provides instantaneous communication with police or fire departments when necessary;  
...Offers a cheap and effective plan for overcoming toil and worry;  
...Gives a mental satisfaction from the mere knowledge of its presence in the house;  
...The premiums are small. An agent will visit you and furnish particulars if you will write or call the Local Manager



New England  
Telephone and  
Telegraph Company

Waltham Watches, of the best,  
All warranted, the highest test,  
Time keepers, be it understood,  
Combining everything that's good,  
Hamilton, none better made,  
Elgin, too of finest grade.  
SMITH & VARNEY'S,

No. 409 Main Street, WOBURN  
A Jewelry Store since 1871.

Fine Repairing in all its branches.

## HARDWARE

Cutlery, Painters' Supplies, Kitchen  
Furnishings, Tin and Sheet Iron Work.

H. B. BLYE & CO.,

350 MAIN ST., Opp. The Common.

Telephone connection.

## SPECIAL BARGAINS

During Our Reduction Sale.

G. R. GAGE & CO.

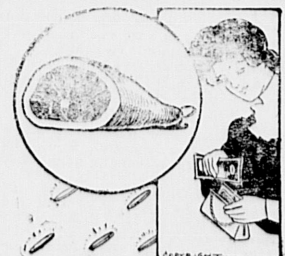
Fine Tailors,

395 Main Street, Woburn

Hotel Property  
FOR SALE.

The property known as the Central House, consisting of 60 rooms, Cafe, dining room, bath, etc., steam heated. Also, stables, 2 stories with barn on 2d floor, 3d floor occupied by the Woburn Journal Printing Plant, together with 20,070 feet of land; or will sell Central House with about 11,398 feet of land, separate.

This property has a frontage of over 200 feet on Main street, and is an excellent opportunity for stores, as there is a great demand for the same. C. E. SMITH, 439 Main St., Woburn, Mass.



YOU CAN SAVE  
by buying your meat of us. Fact is, our market is so reasonable that after shopping with us you carry away about as much money as you brought. Just think too of what

DELICIOUS ROASTS,  
chops, etc., can be had from us. It's useless to expatiate on the good qualities of our meats as every housewife knows about them. For meats, buy ours. They're the best.

Linnell's Market,  
406 Main Street, Woburn.

Telephone 314-1

CARTER, EAMES & CARTER,

—DEALERS IN—

Coal, Coke and Wood  
335 Main Street.

Elevator on Prospect Street.

Telephone connection



ECZEMA CURED BY PURIFINA  
AN OINTMENT FOR ECZEMA, ITCHING, AND ALL SKIN AFFECTIONS. What BETTER Proof? PURIFINA, New York City.

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## TWO GOOD BARGAINS

SLICED BACON, 1 lb. Jars.

20c. Jar.

As good as any on the market.

TOASTED CORN FLAKES

(Maz-all)

5c. Package.

**Boston Branch**  
**Tea and Grocery House,**  
**FRED. STANLEY**  
351 Main Street.  
TELEPHONE 109-1.

## CRACKS

IN SKIN

CHAPS

ON HAND AND FACE.

**Rose Glycerine**

**Lotion**

CURES. 25c. a Bottle

**Whitcher's**

**PILL**

**BOX**

28th year in use.

U. S. Food and Drug Act.

No. 17722.

**THIS MONTH**

we are making

a specialty of

**Home-made**

**CANDY...**

A trial will convince you

of its delicious quality.

Note especially our

**COCONUT Dainties**

for 25 cents a pound.

**F. P. BROOKS, Druggist,**

**361 Main Street,**

**WOBURN**

**For Real Estate**

**call on Griffin Place**

**at 416 Main Street,**

**Woburn, Mass.,**

**street floor.**

**Commonwealth of Massachusetts.**

**MIDDLESEX, ss.**

**PROBATE COURT.**

To the heirs at law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of **Bartholomew Hennessey**, who died in Woburn, in said County of Middlesex, I, **Frederick W. Dillingham**, public administrator in and for said County of Middlesex, do hereby certify that the following is a true and correct copy of the will of said deceased, as the same appears from the records of said County of Middlesex.

**WHEREAS**, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant letters of administration on the estate of said deceased to **Frederick W. Dillingham**, public administrator in and for said County of Middlesex;

**AND**, said Court has granted said letters of administration to said **Frederick W. Dillingham**, public administrator in and for said County of Middlesex;

**AND**, said Court has ordered that the said will be read to the jury in said Court, at the time and place of said reading, to wit: on the 12th day of February, 1909, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, in said Court, at the County of Middlesex, in the City of Woburn, in the State of Massachusetts;

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## MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

**UNITARIAN.**—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker.

**AT 12 M., Sunday School.**

**BAPTIST.**—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B. Williams, D. D.

**AT 12 M., Sunday School.**

**AT 4.30 P. M., P. S. G. E. Meeting.**

**Wednesday, at 4.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.**

**CONGREGATIONAL.**—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. S. A. Norton, D. D.

**Sunday School at 12 M.**

**AT 4.30 P. M., P. S. G. E. Meeting.**

**Wednesday at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.**

**METHODIST EPISCOPAL.** Church, Main Street, Rev. A. H. Hays, Pastor.

**SUNDAY SERVICES.**—Teaching, 10.30 A. M. Sunday School, 12 M.

**Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7.45 P. M.**

**TRINITY EPISCOPAL.**—Sunday after Septuagesima.

**AT 10.30 A. M., Morning Prayer and Sermon.**

**12 M., Sunday School.**

**AT 4.30 P. M., P. S. G. E. Meeting.**

**Rev. W. H. Osmond, Rector.**

**FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.**—Services in Five Cent Savings Bank Building, Room 15, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Soul." Sunday School for Children at 11.45 A. M. Wednesday evening Experience and Testimonial Meetings.

**The Reading Room.** Open from 2.30 to 4.30 P. M., except Sundays. All are welcome. Christian Science Literature on Sale. Room 15.

**Married.**

**At Winchester, Mass., Feb. 7, by Rev. Daniel J. Keeler, Henry Francis Stiles, Jr., of Woburn, and Margaret Ellen Haggerty of Winchester.**

**Died.**

**Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices at rates a line.**

**In this city, Feb. 5, John Joseph Ring, aged 30 years, 6 months, 27 days.**

**In this city, Feb. 10, Dorcas Lee, aged 70 years.**

**In this city, Feb. 10, Annie Wood, aged 57 years.**

**Miss Dorcas Lee**

passed away Wednesday morning, at the home of her niece, Mrs. Frank G. Allen, 241 Cambridge street, aged 70 years and 4 months. Miss Lee has been in ill health for the past five years and death was due to heart failure.

The deceased was born in Concord, Mass., September 29, 1828, daughter of William and Dorcas (Wheeler) Lee. She had made her home at the residence of her niece, Mrs. Allen for the past twenty years.

The deceased is survived by two brothers William S. Lee of Carlisle, Mass., Marshall Lee, of Lowell, Mass., and one sister, Mrs. Maria Head of this city.

The funeral services will be held Saturday afternoon at 2.30 conducted by Rev. H. B. Williams, D. D. Interment at Woodbrook cemetery.

**WINCHESTER.**

The population of this town is increasing. In a single week last January there were 10 births here. How's that for high?

Calumet Club are booming this winter. Their sports and entertainments are of a high order of merit.

The greatest social lions in town are members of the Club.

The schools continue to disturb the public mind. All I've got to say about it is: "It is a nasty bird that fouls her own nest." Let the critics put that in their pipes and smoke it.

Preparations for the annual March Meeting are going bravely on. It looks as though it might be the tamest one on record. As near as I can learn, but little interest is taken in it.

The new Supervisor of Music in our public schools is Mr. Albert E. Brown, who is away up in the pictures monthly. He is likewise the new soloist at the First Baptist church. Brown sings and chants like a bird.

Sumner T. McCall, oldest son of Congressman Sam McCall of this town, was married to Miss Charlotte R. Gardner at her home at Evanston, Illinois, last week. About 400 guests attended the reception that followed the nuptial ceremonies.

A call has been issued for holding a caucus of citizens to nominate candidates for Town officers on Feb. 18, at 7 o'clock in the evening, its nominees to be voted for at the Town Meeting. This is a common practice in this town, and a good one.

Lincoln Birthday exercises are to be held at 8 o'clock this evening in Town Hall. There is to be an address, singing by a school chorus choir, and other appropriate numbers. Our people don't feel very amiable towards the State Senate for refusing to make Feb. 12, 1909, a legal holiday.

The Baptists, Methodists and Congregationalists of this town united in seeking the services of an Evangelist to hold a series of revival meetings here, and were successful in their appeal. These religious denominations are composed of devout and working members, who improve all modern methods and opportunities to promote the spiritual welfare of our people.

**Mortgagee's Sale.**

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by George A. Snyder to John N. Eaton, dated August 1, 1898, and recorded with Middlesex ss. Dist. Deeds, Book 2129, Page 441, for breach of the condition of said mortgage, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction upon the premises on

**Saturday, the 27th day of February, 1909,**

at four o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises described in said mortgage deed, namely:—A certain parcel of land together with the buildings thereon, situated in the northern part of Woburn, in said County of Middlesex, and described as follows:—Lots numbered 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 5







# THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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VOL. LIX.

WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1909.

NO. 14

## Business Cards.

**Cummings, Chute & Co.**

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**NORRIS & NORRIS,**

**Counselors and Attorneys-at-Law,**

NOTARY PUBLIC.

415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS.

**Notice To Patrons.**

**Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co.**  
Change Of Time. Reading &  
Arlington Route.

**WEEK DAYS.**

Beginning Monday, June 8, 1907, cars  
will leave Reading Square for Stoughton,  
Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5:00  
A. M., 5:45, 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:30 A. M.  
and every 30 minutes until 10:30 P. M.

Leave Stoughton for Winchester and  
Arlington 5:20, 5:55, 6:05, 6:20, 6:35, 6:55,  
7:20, 7:30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until  
10:50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 5:40,  
6:10, 6:25, 6:40, 7:10, 7:40, 8:10, 8:40, 9:10 A. M.  
and every 30 minutes until 11:10 P. M.

**RETURNING.**

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stone-  
ham and Reading 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00,  
7:30, 7:45, 8:00, 8:30 A. M. and every 30  
minutes until 11:30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoughton and  
Reading 6:20, 6:50, 7:05, 7:20, 7:50, 8:05,  
8:20, 8:50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until  
11:50 P. M.

Leave Stoughton for Reading 6:40, 7:10,  
7:20, 7:40, 8:10, 8:25, 8:40, 9:10 A. M., and  
every 30 minutes until 11:40 P. M., then  
12:10 A. M.

**SUNDAY TIME.**

Leave Reading Square for Stoughton,  
Winchester and Arlington 6:30, 7:30, 8:00,  
8:30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10:30 P. M.

Leave Stoughton for Winchester and  
Arlington 6:50, 7:50, 8:20, 8:50 A. M. and  
every 30 minutes until 10:50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7:10,  
8:10, 8:40, 9:10 A. M. and every 30 minutes  
until 11:10 P. M.

**RETURNING.**

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stone-  
ham and Reading 7:30, 8:30, 9:00, 9:30  
A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11:30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoughton and  
Reading 7:50, 8:50, 9:20, 9:50 A. M. and  
every 30 minutes until 11:50 P. M.

Leave Stoughton for Reading 8:10, 8:40,  
9:10, 9:40 A. M. and every 30 minutes until  
11:40 P. M., then 12:10 A. M.

JAS. O. ELLIS, Div. Supt.

## WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.  
On and after July 1, 1908.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE  
POST OFFICE.

From Boston and via Boston 7:00, 7:45, 10:15, 11:30  
A. M., 2:00, 3:45, 5:30, 7:00, 8:30, 10:00, 11:30  
P. M. From New York direct 7:00 A. M.  
From New York via Boston 7:00, 7:45, 10:15, 11:30  
P. M. From New York via Boston and Northern  
from New York direct 7:00 A. M., 6:40 P. M.  
From Boston direct 7:45 A. M., 6:40 P. M.  
From Boston via Boston 7:45 A. M., 6:40 P. M.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE  
FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Wash-  
ington, Western and Southern, 7:45, 10:15, 11:30  
A. M., 12:30, 2:00, 3:45, 5:30, 7:00, 8:30, 10:00, 11:30  
P. M. For North direct 7:45 A. M., via Winchester, 8:45  
A. M., 4:30 P. M.  
For Lowell and Stoughton 7:45 A. M., 4:30 P. M.  
For Winchester 7:45 A. M., 4:30 P. M.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7:45 A. M., 4:30 P. M.  
Business Routes 7:00, 7:45 A. M., 1:15, 2:45, 4:30 P. M.

MAIL COLLECTED.

8 A. M., and regular carriers delivery.  
Boxes on Main St. from Boston to foot of Sumner  
St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7:30 A. M., close 7:30  
P. M.  
Registry Division open at 7:30 A. M., close at 3:30  
P. M. Saturday at 8:00 P. M.  
Money Order and Money Division not open on  
Sundays or Holidays.

SUNDAYS.

Special office open 9:30 to 11:00 A. M.,  
10 A. M., and regular carriers delivery.  
Mail collected at 4 P. M., throughout the city.  
Mail closes at 6 P. M., at box outside last postoffice.  
Mail collected on holidays, 4:00 P. M., throughout  
the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

## Fire Alarm Boxes.

12 Middlesex Leather Co., 500 St. Private.  
21 Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.  
22 Cor. Main and Clinton St., Central Square  
23 City Almshouse.  
24 Cor. School and New Boston St.  
25 Cor. Main and Bedford St.  
26 Junction Elm and Pearl St., North Woburn.  
27 Main St. near Rock St., North Woburn.  
28 Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.  
29 Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.  
30 Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts., (Cumulative)  
31 Cor. Elgin and Winn Sts.  
32 Cor. Main and Houghton Street.  
33 Cor. Main and Bedford St.  
34 Cor. Main and Beacon Street.  
35 Cor. Main and Main St.  
36 Junction Elm and Beach St.  
37 Main St. near Vinton St.  
38 Cor. Main and Main St.  
39 Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.  
40 Central St. near Schoolhouse (Municipal).  
41 Salem St. near Walnut Hill.  
42 Main St. near Maple St.  
43 Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.  
44 Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.  
45 Eastern Ave. near Jefferson Ave.  
46 Cor. Main and Main St.  
47 Fowle St. near Highland Station.  
48 Cor. Main and Main St.  
49 Main Street near Ash Street.  
50 Main St. near Lake Avenue.  
51 Cor. Main and F. A. Lowell's Factory.  
52 Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.  
53 Cor. Main and Main St.  
54 Main St. near Salem St.  
55 Cor. Main and Main St.  
56 Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St.  
57 Main Street near Salem St.  
58 Cor. Main and Main St.  
59 Cor. Main and Main St.  
60 Main St. near Catholic Church.  
61 Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.  
62 Cor. Main and Main St., North Woburn.  
63 Burdette Street, near Cummings Street.  
64 Cor. Main and Main St.  
65 Main St. near Jones's Station, (Private).  
66 Beegs & Co. near F. A. Lowell's Factory (Pri-  
vate).

One blow for text at 11:45 A. M., daily.  
Two blows indicate department.  
Three blows call out entire department.  
22, 32, 42, 52, 62, 72, 82, 92, 102, 112, 122, 132, 142, 152, 162, 172, 182, 192, 202, 212, 222, 232, 242, 252, 262, 272, 282, 292, 302, 312, 322, 332, 342, 352, 362, 372, 382, 392, 402, 412, 422, 432, 442, 452, 462, 472, 482, 492, 502, 512, 522, 532, 542, 552, 562, 572, 582, 592, 602, 612, 622, 632, 642, 652, 662, 672, 682, 692, 702, 712, 722, 732, 742, 752, 762, 772, 782, 792, 802, 812, 822, 832, 842, 852, 862, 872, 882, 892, 902, 912, 922, 932, 942, 952, 962, 972, 982, 992, 1002, 1012, 1022, 1032, 1042, 1052, 1062, 1072, 1082, 1092, 1102, 1112, 1122, 1132, 1142, 1152, 1162, 1172, 1182, 1192, 1202, 1212, 1222, 1232, 1242, 1252, 1262, 1272, 1282, 1292, 1302, 1312, 1322, 1332, 1342, 1352, 1362, 1372, 1382, 1392, 1402, 1412, 1422, 1432, 1442, 1452, 1462, 1472, 1482, 1492, 1502, 1512, 1522, 1532, 1542, 1552, 1562, 1572, 1582, 1592, 1602, 1612, 1622, 1632, 1642, 1652, 1662, 1672, 1682, 1692, 1702, 1712, 1722, 1732, 1742, 1752, 1762, 1772, 1782, 1792, 1802, 1812, 1822, 1832, 1842, 1852, 1862, 1872, 1882, 1892, 1902, 1912, 1922, 1932, 1942, 1952, 1962, 1972, 1982, 1992, 2002, 2012, 2022, 2032, 2042, 2052, 2062, 2072, 2082, 2092, 2102, 2112, 2122, 2132, 2142, 2152, 2162, 2172, 2182, 2192, 2202, 2212, 2222, 2232, 2242, 2252, 2262, 2272, 2282, 2292, 2302, 2312, 2322, 2332, 2342, 2352, 2362, 2372, 2382, 2392, 2402, 2412, 2422, 2432, 2442, 2452, 2462, 2472, 2482, 2492, 2502, 2512, 2522, 2532, 2542, 2552, 2562, 2572, 2582, 2592, 2602, 2612, 2622, 2632, 2642, 2652, 2662, 2672, 2682, 2692, 2702, 2712, 2722, 2732, 2742, 2752, 2762, 2772, 2782, 2792, 2802, 2812, 2822, 2832, 2842, 2852, 2862, 2872, 2882, 2892, 2902, 2912, 2922, 2932, 2942, 2952, 2962, 2972, 2982, 2992, 3002, 3012, 3022, 3032, 3042, 3052, 3062, 3072, 3082, 3092, 3102, 3112, 3122, 3132, 3142, 3152, 3162, 3172, 3182, 3192, 3202, 3212, 3222, 3232, 3242, 3252, 3262, 3272, 3282, 3292, 3302, 3312, 3322, 3332, 3342, 3352, 3362, 3372, 3382, 3392, 3402, 3412, 3422, 3432, 3442, 3452, 3462, 3472, 3482, 3492, 3502, 3512, 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5182, 5192, 5202, 5212, 5222, 5232, 5242, 5252, 5262, 5272, 5282, 5292, 5302, 5312, 5322, 5332, 5342, 5352, 5362, 5372, 5382, 5392, 5402, 5412, 5422, 5432, 5442, 5452, 5462, 5472, 5482, 5492, 5502, 5512, 5522, 5532, 5542, 5552, 5562, 5572, 5582, 5592, 5602, 5612, 5622, 5632, 5642, 5652, 5662, 5672, 5682, 5692, 5702, 5712, 5722, 5732, 5742, 5752, 5762, 5772, 5782, 5792, 5802, 5812, 5822, 5832, 5842, 5852, 5862, 5872, 5882, 5892, 5902, 5912, 5922, 5932, 5942, 5952, 5962, 5972, 5982, 5992, 6002, 6012, 6022, 6032, 6042, 6052, 6062, 6072, 6082, 6092, 6102, 6112, 6122, 6132, 6142, 6152, 6162, 6172, 6182, 6192, 6202, 6212, 6222, 6232, 6242, 6252, 6262, 6272, 6282, 6292, 6302, 6312, 6322, 6332, 6342, 6352, 6362, 6372, 6382, 6392, 6402, 6412, 6422, 6432, 6442, 6452, 6462, 6472, 6482, 6492, 6502, 6512, 6522, 6532, 6542, 6552, 6562, 6572, 6582, 6592, 6602, 6612, 6622, 6632, 6642, 6652, 6662, 6672, 6682, 6692, 6702, 6712, 6722, 6732, 6742, 6752, 6762, 6772, 6782, 6792, 6802, 6812, 6822, 6832, 6842, 6852, 6862, 6872, 6882, 6892, 6902, 6912, 6922, 6932, 6942, 6952, 6962, 6972, 6982, 6992, 7002, 7012, 7022, 7032, 7042, 7052, 7062, 7072, 7082, 7092, 7102, 7112, 7122, 7132, 7142, 7152, 7162, 7172, 7182, 7192, 7202, 7212, 7222, 7232, 7242, 7252, 7262, 7272, 7282, 7292, 7302, 7312, 7322, 7332, 7342, 7352, 7362, 7372, 7382, 7392, 7402, 7412, 7422, 7432, 7442, 7452, 7462, 7472, 7482, 7492, 7502, 7512, 7522, 7532, 7542, 7552, 7562, 7572, 7582, 7592, 7602, 7612, 7622, 7632, 7642, 7652, 7662, 7672, 7682, 7692, 7702, 7712, 7722, 7732, 7742, 7752, 7762, 7772, 7782, 7792, 7802, 7812, 7822, 7832, 7842, 7852, 7862, 7872, 7882, 7892, 7902, 7912, 7922, 7932, 7942, 7952, 7962, 7972, 7982, 7992, 8002, 8012, 8022, 8032, 8042, 8052, 8062, 8072, 8082, 8092, 8102, 8112, 8122, 8132, 8142, 8152, 8162, 8172, 8182, 8192, 8202, 8212, 8222, 8232, 8242, 8252, 8262, 8272, 8282, 8292, 8302, 8312, 8322, 8332, 8342, 8352, 8362, 8372, 8382, 8392, 8402, 8412, 8422, 8432, 8442, 8452, 8462, 8472, 8482, 8492, 8502, 8512, 8522, 8532, 8542, 8552, 8562, 8572, 8582, 8592, 8602, 8612, 8622, 8632, 8642, 8652, 8662, 8672, 8682, 8692, 8702, 8712, 8722, 8732, 8742, 8752, 8762, 8772, 8782, 8792, 8802, 8812, 8822, 8832, 8842, 8852, 8862, 8872, 8882, 8892, 8902, 8912, 8922, 8932, 8942, 8952, 8962, 8972, 8982, 8992, 9002, 9012, 9022, 9032, 9042, 9052, 9062, 9072, 9082, 9092, 9102, 9112, 9122, 9132, 9142, 9152, 9162, 9172, 9182, 9192, 9202, 9212, 9222, 9232, 9242, 9252, 9262, 9272, 9282, 9292, 9302, 9312, 9322, 9332, 9342, 9352, 9362, 9372, 9382, 9392, 9402, 9412, 9422, 9432, 9442, 9452, 9462, 9472, 9482, 9492, 9502, 9512, 9522, 9532, 9542, 9552, 9562, 9572, 9582, 9592, 9602, 9612, 9622, 9632, 9642, 9652, 9662, 9672, 9682, 9692, 9702, 9712, 9722, 9732, 9742, 9752, 9762, 9772, 9782, 9792, 9802, 9812, 9822, 9832, 9842, 9852, 9862, 9872, 9882, 9892, 9902, 9912, 9922, 9932, 9942, 9952, 9962, 9972, 9982, 9992, 10002, 10012, 10022, 10032, 10042, 10052, 10062, 10072, 10082, 10092, 10102, 10112, 10122, 10132, 10142, 10152, 10162, 10172, 10182, 10192, 10202, 10212, 10222, 10232, 10242, 10252, 10262, 10272, 10282, 10292, 10302, 10312, 10322, 10332, 10342, 10352, 10362, 10372, 10382, 10392, 10402, 10412, 10422, 10432, 10442, 10452, 10462, 10472, 10482, 10492, 10502, 10512, 10522, 10532, 10542, 10552, 10562, 10572, 10582, 10592, 10602, 10612, 10622, 10632, 10642, 10652, 10662, 10672, 10682, 10692, 10702, 10712, 10722, 10732, 10742, 10752, 10762, 10772, 10782, 10792, 10802, 10812, 10822, 10832, 10842, 10852, 10862, 10872, 10882, 10892, 10902, 10912, 10922, 10932, 10942, 10952, 10962, 10972, 10982, 10992, 11002, 11012, 11022, 11032, 11042, 11052, 11062, 11072, 11082, 11092, 11102, 11112, 11122, 11132, 11142, 11152, 11162, 11172, 11182, 11192, 11202, 11212, 11222, 11232, 11242, 11252, 11262, 11272, 11282, 11292, 11302, 11312, 11322, 11332, 11342, 11352, 11362, 11372, 11382, 11392, 11402, 11412, 11422, 11432, 11442, 11452, 11462, 11472, 11482, 11492, 11502, 11512, 11522, 11532, 11542, 11552, 11562, 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## The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.  
Residence 280.

FRIDAY, FEB. 19, 1909

## LINCOLN DAY

This city had no cause for complaint concerning the manner in which the 100th anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln was observed here on last Friday, Feb. 12, for the committee had prepared a good program, and the same was well carried out.

During the day some of the schools held appropriate exercises, which were generally attended; but the chief proceedings were reserved for Lyceum Hall in the evening, which consisted of addresses, music, and some other exercises. The hall was well filled with interested listeners.

The event was celebrated all over the United States—in every city, town, village and hamlet; and in many quarters of Europe homage was paid by Americans and foreigners to the memory and worth of Lincoln, the great Civil War President, Emancipator, and Martyr.

## FOR WEST POINT.

Representative S. W. McCall of this District has been invited by the War Department to nominate a candidate for appointment to the U. S. Military Academy at West Point, to fill a vacancy which occurs in January, 1910. It is necessary that this appointment be made by the end of March, and, in order to select a candidate, a competitive examination will be held about the 20th of March, 1909. Under the law only bona fide residents of the 8th Congressional District, who are between 17 and 22 years of age, are eligible for this appointment. Full information in regard to the date and place of the examination may be had upon application to Hon. S. W. McCall, House of Representatives, Washington, D. C.

Accounts of the celebration of the 100th anniversary of Lincoln's birthday last week Friday conjured up memories of the Republican National convention held at Chicago in the summer of 1860 at which he was nominated for President of the United States, and mingled with these memories, and obtruding itself, was the question: Where are those Illinois Statesmen, Politicians, Editors, and other workers, who ruled that convention, and were instrumental in securing Lincoln's great victory in that immense gathering of Republican National leaders? Mentally glancing over that vast "Wigwam" by the shore of Lake Michigan in which the convention was held, as we did in fact on those hot summer days, there were brought back to us, distinctly, the faces and forms, towering above the mass of humanity, eager, active, confident of success, of Yates, Oglesby, Trembly, Lovejoy, Washburn, Browning, Swift, Medill, and scores of others, all of them political giants; and then we wondered if the memory of them, long ago missed from the stage of life, had been kept green; and how much the present generation of that State know, or care, about the great men who conferred distinguished honor on it by securing the nomination of Abraham Lincoln for President of the United States.

So far as heard from the members of G. A. R. Posts 33 and 161 are a unit in their approval of the resolution introduced by Comrade Thompson of Woburn, and unanimously adopted at the annual Encampment of the Massachusetts Department of G. A. R. in Boston last Tuesday, which condemned the practice now, and for some years past, prevalent, of turning Memorial Day into a holiday for the exercise and enjoyment of athletic and other sports. It was never intended that May 30, each year, should be so employed. It was set apart solely to honor the memory of those brave men who fought to save the Union in 1861-5, some of whom died on Southern battlefields, some in hospitals, and others at their homes—a funeral day, and therefore, one of the most solemn in the whole calendar of American holidays. It is not a day for sports and games; and the G. A. R. are on the right track to restore it to its original design and purpose.

Captain John L. Parker, for nearly 30 years last past Editor of the *Lynn Item*, and, who, for 10 years immediately prior to his going to that paper, was Editor and proprietor of the *Woburn Journal*, enjoys the friendship of many Woburn Civil War Veterans and citizens who congratulate him on his election to the office of Department Commander of the Massachusetts Department of the Grand Army of the Republic at the 43rd annual Encampment of the Order in Boston last Tuesday. His election was a promotion from the office of S. V. D. C., and one altogether worthy to be made, for Captain Parker served his country well in the War of the Rebellion.

In view of the possibility of Congressman McCall accepting the Presidency of Dartmouth College five candidates have already been mentioned, and are probably in the field, to fill his place in the National House of Representatives, namely, two in Cambridge and three in Somerville, and, also, a suggestion that Sam Elder might be induced to become a candidate. This seems to be a case of "counting chickens before they are hatched." There is no probability that McCall will accept Dartmouth's offer, if, indeed, any such offer has been made.

Congressman S. W. McCall of this District declines to accept the offer or not he will accept the invitation to become President of the Dartmouth College which has been tendered him, and which he has been strenuously urged to favorably consider. The salary is \$10,000 a year; but that will not, probably, cut much of a figure in making up his mind, for he is "well bonded" financially, and likes Congress too well to be induced to leave it for money considerations.

Vice Consul General Hill of Halifax reported some time ago that the demonstration plant there for the tanning of leather by electricity has proven a success and that the Company were about to start a regular tannery. The rights for Canada have been purchased for the Boston inventor. This process is said to take only thirty days to manufacture against the three to four months of the old methods of practice, and produces better leather.

The arrangements for the funeral of the late John B. Moran, Prosecuting Attorney for Suffolk county, who died in Arizona on Feb. 6, and the character of the ceremonies to be observed thereat, were given in care of Hon. John P. Feeney of Woburn, one of the most intimate friends of the deceased and his Boston Law partner for several years. The funeral was held in Moran's native town of Wakefield yesterday, and burial in Malden.

## LOCAL NEWS.

**New Advertisements.**  
Edison Co.—Lighting.  
National Bank—Savings.  
J. W. Johnson—Citation.  
J. H. Buck—Sheriff's Sale.  
J. H. Buck—Sheriff's Sale.  
Five Cts. Sav. Bank—Lost.

We are to have a New Moon tomorrow, Feb. 20.

Towanda Club are to hold their annual meeting on March 1.

The St. Charles High School Alumnae are to give a party on next Tuesday evening, Feb. 23.

Persons subject to spells of "the blues" ought, by good rights, to have had an attack of them last Tuesday.

The Woman's Club are to give a dramatic entertainment pretty soon. They are already rehearsing the play.

Sunny Circle of King's Daughters meet with Miss Minnette Dow, 12 Court street, at 7.30 o'clock this evening.

Janitor Connolly of City Hall was sitting somewhat last week, but kept the grip at bay, and is all right again.

Loammi Baldwin Chapter of D. A. R. will celebrate on March 17 in proper form, the same being Evacuation Day.

Lawyer James E. Feeney of this city was one of the pallbearers at the funeral of John B. Moran in Wakefield yesterday.

W. R. C. 84 are to play whist this evening. A large attendance is expected by Mrs. Dickinson, Chairman of the Committee.

Carl P. Hubbard represents Tufts College in the intercollegiate track games in the Naval Brigade Meet at Hartford, Conn., today.

We are informed that Judge E. F. Johnson is making a business trip to California, Oklahoma, and other quarters of the Western country.

Last evening Co. G, 5th Reg't., Woburn, gave an exhibition drill, presentation of medals, and a hop, at Armory Hall. As usual, the boys had a good time.

St. Valentine's Day fell on Sunday last, but Saturday's mails were, as usual, busy handling the Valentines which were exchanged among the young people.

E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the M. E. church will hold a Patriotic Supper and Entertainment at the church, on Monday evening, Feb. 22. Supper at 6.30.

February 28, will be Quadragesima Sunday, or the first one in Lent; and April 11, will be Easter Sunday, when the ladies will appear out in new gowns and hats.

A nice little snowfall on Sunday night and Monday restored the sleighing which the latter weather had destroyed, and made quite good shipping about on runners for the nonce.

Gage & Co., Merchant Tailors, are clearing out their winter stocks for suits and overcoats at greatly reduced prices to make room for new seasonable receipts of materials of the latest styles.

Mayor Bond was somewhat under the weather last week, but is all right again. To unseasonable weather, with its sudden and radical changes, is due the present unusual amount of sickness in this city.

An excellent Lincoln Day program, including an able and appreciative address by Rev. Fr. Keegan, was carried out in good order by the St. Charles Parochial School, on the morning of Feb. 12.

Mrs. Weston, whose recent passing to the Better Land is mentioned in this paper, joined the First Congregational church of Woburn in 1883, and had been a devout and consistent member of it ever since.

The people at the Woburn post-office reported a heavier Valentine business than usual last Saturday and Monday. The clerks had all they could attend to, and the close of the day had no regrets for them.

Samuel W. Mendum, Esq., made an interesting Lincoln Day address at the Christian Scientist church on last Friday evening. His subject was "Freedom." Lawyer Mendum is a pleasing public speaker.

Rev. Dr. March was unable to attend the Lincoln Birthday exercises in Lyceum Hall on Friday evening. His absence was deeply regretted, and a fitting resolution concerning it was adopted by the meeting.

A few days ago Mr. William P. Warren, a Civil War Veteran, and a citizen highly respected, presented the Wyman school a fine picture entitled "The Light of the Republic," for which the school was very grateful.

Last Saturday we received, gratefully, presumably from someone of the Woburn pilgrims visiting that country, a copy of the *Mexican Herald*, a first class daily paper founded in the City of Mexico by Frederic H. Guernsey, a native of Bangor, Maine, nearly 27 years ago, as the ward of the Boston Herald, on which Mr. Guernsey, prior to this successful journalistic enterprise, was a political writer.

## ELECTRIC LIGHTS ON TRIAL

YOU DON'T HAVE TO TAKE OUR WORD FOR IT.

If you are occupying a Suite, House, Store, or any other building that is fitted with electric wires and where our lighting service is convenient, you can become a customer for a month on trial.

We will loan you the lamps and if necessary will loan you some fixtures. On this trial we will notify you as soon as you have used \$1 worth of electricity, or \$2 or any sum you set, so that you limit your expense.

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Drop us a card or Phone us **NOW**, at Oxford 3300 collect, and our agent will call and arrange details.

## The Edison Electric Illuminating Co.,

39 Boylston Street, BOSTON

Rev. George H. Tilton, pastor of the North Congregational church, preached at the Old Ladies Home last Sunday. Hymns were sung by Lena French, Chester Carter, Amy Bond, Everett Thompson, and Mrs. Lewis Bond.

Teachers and pupils were highly pleased with Senator Crosby's address at the Lincoln Day High school exercises in this city. He paid the scholars a fine and well deserved compliment for their good behavior. The Senator from this District is a good talker.

If, by perusing the columns of the *JOURNAL*, Arthur Whitecher finds out, as he may, that tanning of hides can be done better, quicker, and cheaper, by electricity than in any other way, will, by probably, install a tannery out back of his dragstore pretty soon?

The inauguration of President Taft is to take place one week from next Thursday, March 4. Besides Co. G, how many Woburn people are going to Washington to witness the ceremonies and take in the Inauguration Ball? Not a large number, we opine.

The Woburn people who went South to find and enjoy warm winter weather, some of whom are still down there basking in genial sunshine and gentle zephyrs, would have done just as well if they had remained at home so far as their object in going away was concerned.

Next Monday comes the anniversary of Washington's Birthday, which is a legal holiday in nearly all the States of the Union and is celebrated as such. If the anniversary is to be observed in this city the fact has not become noised abroad to any considerable extent.

Mrs. Margaret Towle (Maggie Doyle) writes us that she can never, no never, be perfectly happy until the address of her copy of the *JOURNAL* is changed from Hull to Jamaica Plain, her winter home. It is done, and we trust that the joy of Woburn's former esteemed Assistant Postmaster is now complete.

Many members of both of Woburn's W. R. C. attended the 30th annual convention of the Massachusetts Department of W. R. C. which opened in Boston last Tuesday, and enjoyed the exercises to the fullest extent. The Corps women of this city are loyal to the G. A. R., the Old Flag, and to their Order.

If there are any Woburn boys who want to acquire a military education at West Point and become officers in the Regular U. S. A., they should read an article in this paper entitled "For West Point," and then act on it. The information it contains was received by the *JOURNAL* directly from Congressman McCall.

The names of Madams E. S. Parker, E. J. Brooks, E. S. Knowlton and Winifred True, as Committee, are a guaranty that the Patriotic Chicken Pie Supper the ladies of the M. E. church are to provide in the church diningroom on the evening of Feb. 22, Washington's Birthday, will be a grand affair and feast.

Abbie McElheney, 10 years old, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McElheney of 5 Vining Court, was severely burned last Saturday that she died at the Mass. Gen. Hospital last Monday morning. While playing with some children on Buckman street her dress accidentally caught fire from a match held by one of them, and from the burns she died as stated.

Last Monday, Feb. 15, was the 11th anniversary of the blowing up and destruction of the U. S. Battleship *Maine*, in Havana Harbor, W. I., an event which was duly honored at the Charlestown Navy Yard by the firing of cannon. It is called "Remember the Maine Day," but was observed last Monday nowhere, that we heard of, except at Boston.

The special Lincoln postage stamps went off like hot cakes well buttered at the postoffice last Friday morning. They lasted about 30 minutes; but Capt. Weyer and his active clerks had to hyper while the sales were on. A great many more could have been sold, for people were eager for them to keep as souvenirs of the Lincoln Birthday celebration.

Under the proper heading the death of Mrs. Elizabeth A. Weston at Franklin is announced in this issue of the *JOURNAL*. For many years she had been a highly esteemed patron of the *JOURNAL*, and an occasional visitor to its publication office. Formerly she was a respected resident of Woburn, by many of whose older people she is kindly remembered. Mrs. Weston was the mother of Mrs. William H. Lane of West Medford.

Roaming over City Hall the other afternoon in search of something new that might possibly interest the readers of the *JOURNAL* it was discovered by the reporter that Water Registrar Walsh is busily engaged in filling out blanks that will not be very likely to increase the liability of water consumers about April 1 next. Death and taxes can't be avoided, and water bills must be paid; at any rate, Mr. Walsh will have them ready for distribution on time.

Last Saturday Mr. Daniel ("Uncle Dan") Sullivan died in his 91st year. The only relative he left behind is his namesake, Daniel Sullivan, a trusted employee of the B. & M. Railroad Co. For years the deceased was the B. & M. gateman at the Pleasant street crossing; but he left there some time ago, and has since lived in retirement. The funeral was held last Monday, and the interment was at Lowell. "Uncle Dan" was a good, honest Irishman.

At various dates during the present winter the U. S. Weather Reporter has announced the rapid approach of tremendous Western blizzards to the Atlantic Coast, and has warned New Englanders, especially, to prepare for them. And, yet, not one of those terrible storms has reached here. The feeble switch of the tail of several of them has been felt in Boston; but as for a Western blizzard, or any other kind, being felt here this season, there has been nothing of the sort—indeed, it has been the mildest winter on record.

Is this city to allow Washington's Birthday to go by default? Although it is due to arrive next Monday, we have heard of no preparations on foot for its proper observance. It cannot be, of course, that Lincoln Day wholly exhausted our store of oratory and music; there must be enough of it left with which to honor the memory of George Washington. "First in War, First in Peace, and First in the Hearts of his Countrymen"; and possibly plans for celebrating the anniversary of his birthday next Monday, Feb. 22, may have been matured without the people of the city knowing much, if anything, about them.

Mr. Walter Hatch Hobbs of Kennebunk, Maine, paid a visit to the *JOURNAL* family the other day, which was an agreeable and welcome one. Walter was born and raised on the Kennebunk Navy Yard by the firing of cannon. It is called "Remember the Maine Day," but was observed last Monday nowhere, that we heard of, except at Boston.

A season of revival meetings is to open in this city on March 10 under the leadership of eminent Evangelists, for which the churches are making due preparations. The committee chosen to obtain the services of preaching and singing revivalists were successful in their search, and Rev. Dr. Graustaff, the minister, and Mr. Pugh, the leader of the singers now cooperating with Rev. Dr. Chapman in his great Boston soul-saving campaign, both of whom are, at present, attending to the King's business in Malden, have been engaged for the series of Woburn revival meetings, from which our clergymen are indulging in great expectations of glorious results.

At a concert given in Boston last Sunday evening in behalf of some benevolent object Sousa's famous Band consisted of 400 members, the largest aggregation of bandmen and instrumentalists ever before seen in this or any other country. It was simply immense—400 star performers on every conceivable variety of instruments, and the greatest cornetist in the world, Herbert L. Clarke of Buttonwood, this city and Reading, the soloist of the evening! Clarke received a splendid ovation and was the central figure in the great concert. He was called back to the front of the stage time and time again, and responded on each occasion by the production of the choicest and sweetest music that ever issued from a cornet; and finally he was smothered in the biggest bouquet of roses that was ever seen in the great hall where the concert was held. As a cornetist Herbert Clarke has no peer under the sun.

Last Monday afternoon Loammi Baldwin Chapter, D. A. R., of this city, filled the office of receivers at an entertainment at the D. A. R. Headquarters in the Pierce Building, Boston, with Mayoresse Daniel W. Bond in charge of the interesting ceremonies. Mrs. Maria R. Bickford of the Highlands did the pouring in an unimpeachable manner; and Miss Florence Deland, Miss Gladys Aldrich, Miss Helen Ramsdell, and Mrs. Charles Munroe assisted in serving. Madams H. Josephine Hayward, G. E. Winn, J. F. Ramsdell, and J. W. Fox were the lady officers of the Chapter who received. The members who were present at the reception were: Mrs. Maria Bickford, Mrs. D. W. Bond, Mrs. Joseph Buck, Mrs. J. W. Fox, Mrs. W. W. Hill, Mrs. Sarah Phinney, Mrs. Julius F. Ramsdell, Mrs. James Skinner, Mrs. G. E. Winn, Mrs. C. W. Gilbert, Mrs. Charles Munroe, Mrs. Henry Aldrich, Mrs. Jennie Brown, Mrs. H. Josephine Hayward, Mrs. Charles P. Pollard, Mrs. J. H. Hutchings, Miss Abbie Winn, Miss Howard, Miss Josephine Edie, Miss Fanny Carverwell. The hall was beautifully decorated for this rare occasion, and many rich and elegant dresses were worn by the Woburn ladies.

The Alpha Club of Burlington are to give "The Village Postoffice" in the Congregational church on Thursday evening, Feb. 25. Excellent dramatic talent are engaged to present it, and it will be well worth while to patronize it.

The lady members of the B. B. Club of North Woburn are to give the buttonbusting farce, "For Love of a Bonnet," in the North Cong. church vestry on the evening of March 19. The actors are preparing for it under the direction of Mrs. William W. Hill.

The statement of the condition of the Woburn National Bank on Feb. 5, 1909, called for by the Washington authorities, which appears in the *JOURNAL* this week, furnishes good reading for people interested in money matters. By the way, people included in this category might be edified by a perusal of that part of the Bank's business called "Special Inactive Accounts," the nature and utility of which are fully explained in the Bank's advertisement in this paper. It is a commendable feature of the business which makes for the benefit of the public.

## Local News.

Coasting has been fine all this week, and the youngsters have fully improved it.

What is more popular, and what parties more frequent, than ever in this city.

St. Patrick's Day is to be honored on March 17, in this locality, as it has almost always been.

The annual meeting of Towanda Club will be held on March 1. There is to be a dinner, as usual.

The E. Prior Real Estate Agency has sold for Mrs. M. A. Stevens to Fred O. Boline the house and lot of land situated near 123 Montvale avenue.

There will be a hearing at the State House, Wednesday, Feb. 24, to consider the Amendment to the Constitution prohibiting the manufacture of intoxicating liquors.

Mr. Albert G. Richards of Springfield, Illinois, and family are coming to Woburn soon to take up their permanent residence with Mr. D. Hammond Richards, father of Albert.

Mr. Clarence E. Littlefield of Alaska, son of Ex-Fire Chief Clarence Littlefield of the Highlands, and the lady to whom he was recently married, are to visit New England next summer.

Rev. Mr. Hendrickson, an itinerant missionary for the Swedish Eastern Mission Society, is to address a Scandinavian audience in their native tongue at the Swedish Evangelical Free church this evening.

It was 28 degrees in the shade at 8 o'clock yesterday morning, and a slowly rising temperature prevailed all day towards evening. The weather since Feb. 2 has been completely discredited the Grounding theory.

Charles Moley Camp U. S. W. V. of this city, of which the deceased was a member, was represented at the funeral of the late Albert F. Edmonds, which was held at the home of his father at Litchfield yesterday.

The Congregational church Valentine party last Tuesday evening was a notable social occurrence. It was given on the menfolks to the church women whose ages ranged from 16 to 30. The gentlemen did their part of the business up brown.

Horn's Orchestral aggregations have furnished much fine music for balls, parties, and entertainments, so far this winter, and have come pretty close to putting a full stop to the employment of foreign musicians to play for such amusements.

The chief speaker at the annual banquet of the New England Woman's Press, at the Vendome, Boston, on Wednesday evening was Dr. James Kendall Hosmer, the historian. Another speaker was Rev. Frank A. Hosmer, brother of Miss Marian T. Hosmer, of this city.

The Co. G boys are getting ready to attend the Inaugural of President Taft on March 4. The Company go with their Regiment, who were appointed some time ago to represent the military arm of the Massachusetts State government at the great Washington event.

The sun has made such fine progress in its journey to the North, and has secured a strong purchase on the weather, that, though cold winds may blow, and snow cover the bosom of mother earth, not so much inconvenience is felt from the cold and snow as was the case here in December and the forepart of January, before the genial rays of the sun had much effect on the temperature.

H. B. Blye & Co., the popular Main street hardware merchants, roofers, and dealers in stoves, ranges, furnaces, and heaters of all kinds, have been awarded the contract to tinroof the old Skinner leather factory recently bought and being overhauled and put into first-class shape for operation by a firm from New Hampshire, the contract for the construction for so large a job to Blye & Co., against their competitors, was a feather in their cap.

The funeral of Miss Annie Wood, daughter of Hon. A. S. Wood, who for several years was Assistant Librarian of the Winn Public Library, was held at Mr. Wood's home on Warren avenue and Pleasant street, last Sunday afternoon. Rev. W. H. Osmond, Rector of Trinity church, and Rev. H. C. Parker, Pastor of the Unitarian church, officiated the religious exercises. The floral contributions were numerous and very beautiful. The burial was at Lynn.

## The Boston Revivals.

A remarkable tribute was paid to The *Woburn Journal* last Wednesday when, voluntarily, the attendants at the Chaplain Alexander revival meetings declared that it was through the *Woburn Journal* that they had become interested in the great movement.

There, in the Temple, were a thousand people rising to their feet at the call of the Chaplain, and responding to the question why he or she came to attend the meetings by declaring that it was through reading the reports in The *Woburn Journal*.

Could there be a better or stronger or more convincing illustration of the way The *Journal* is read in the homes—for these people at the meetings are essentially home people—than this? Some influence The *Journal* carries in the community. "Tell me," said Dr. Chapman, after asking all to stand who had attended because of the influence of the press, "what it was that brought you here?"

A woman \* \* \* responded, "I read the story of the converted clover in The *Woburn Journal*. That's why I'm here today."

A minister, \* \* \* "One of the deacons said in prayer meeting, 'I read the paper today until the tears blinded my eyes. Then I fell on my knees and thanked God for The *Woburn Journal*.'"

A plainly dressed man, \* \* \* "I read the story of Jerry in The *Journal*. \* \* \* That's why I'm here."

A wife, \* \* \* "I'm the wife of a minister. \* \* \* When The *Woburn Journal* started in printing the stories of these meetings, I simply watched and watched for the next day's meetings, until finally I had to come."

## John H. Bates.

Born at Charlestown 22 years ago, and a resident of Woburn since 1879, Mr. John H. Bates, one of the best known and highly esteemed residents of this city, died at his home 577 Main street about 12 1/2 o'clock Wednesday morning, Feb. 17, 1909, after an illness of two weeks of typhoid pneumonia, leaving a widow, one son, a daughter, a father and two brothers who deeply lament his passing away in the prime of life. Mr. Bates was an employee, and, of late years, Superintendent, of the Woburn Iron Foundry Co. for nearly 30 years. He became a member of Bosc & W. F. Dept. in 1882, and resigned in 1898, after serving 7 years as Captain of the Company.

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Waltham Watches, of the best,  
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Hotel Property  
FOR SALE.

The property known as the Central House, consisting of 60 rooms, Cafe, dining room, bath, etc., situated at No. 433 Main street, 2 stories with hall on 2d floor; 3d floor occupied by the Woburn Journal Printing Plant, together with 20,070 feet of land, or will sell Central House with about 11,398 feet of land, separate.

This property has a frontage of over 200 feet on Main street, and is an excellent opportunity for stores, as there is a great demand for the same. C. E. SMITH, 439 Main St., Woburn, Mass.



YOU CAN SAVE

by buying your meat of us. Fact is, our market is so reasonable that after shopping with us you carry away about as much money as you brought. Just think too of what

DELICIOUS ROASTS, chops, etc., can be had from us. It's useless to expatiate on the good qualities of our meats as every housewife knows about them. For meats, buy ours. They're the best.

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# THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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VOL. LIX.


WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, MARCH 5, 1909.

(Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office,  
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NO. 16

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NO. 17

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**Notice to Patrons.**

**Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co.**

Change of Time. Reading &

Arlington Route.

**WEEK DAYS.**

Beginning Monday, June 3, 1907, cars

will leave Reading Square, for North

Woburn and Arlington as follows: 5:00,

5:30, 5:45, 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:30 A. M.

and every 30 minutes until 10:30 P. M.

Leave North Woburn for Reading 5:00, 5:30,

5:45, 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:30 A. M.

and every 30 minutes until 10:30 P. M.

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and every 30 minutes until 10:30 P. M.

## WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE

POST OFFICE.

From Boston and via Boston 7:00, 7:45, 10:15, 11:30

a. m., 2:00, 3:45, 5:30, 7:00, 8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00

a. m., 12:00, 1:30, 2:00, 2:30, 3:00, 3:30, 4:00, 4:30

a. m., 5:00, 5:30, 6:00, 6:30, 7:00, 7:30, 8:00, 8:30

a. m., 9:00, 9:30, 10:00, 10:30, 11:00, 11:30, 12:00

a. m., 1:00, 1:30, 2:00, 2:30, 3:00, 3:30, 4:00, 4:30

a. m., 5:00, 5:30, 6:00, 6:30, 7:00, 7:30, 8:00, 8:30

a. m., 9:00, 9:30, 10:00, 10:30, 11:00, 11:30, 12:00

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## The Violet Hat

By VIRGINIA BLAIR.

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Literary Press.

It really was a beautiful hat, big

and velvety and loaded with violets,

and Theodore's new calling gown was

of white broadcloth, and her hair was

just the right shade of yellow to set it

off, and the hat was just what she

needed to wear to the hospital tea.

"I simply must have it," said Theo-

dora.

"I think you are very foolish not to

buy it," remarked Cecilia Ray, who

was with her.

But Theodore resisted the tempta-

tion.

"I'll go home and count up my pen-

nies," she said. "I'm living on an

allowance now, and last week I spent

everything I had for that jeweled

hat."

But Cecilia was not listening.

"I'm going back," she said, "and ask

Mme. Ashe to put that hat aside. If

you decide not to take it, I shall."

Theodore laughed.

"I don't say that hat is just Cecilia,

I'm your enemy forever."

Cecilia made a little



## The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.  
Residence 280.

FRIDAY, MARCH 12, 1909.

It is expected that the people of Woburn will take steps to honor and perpetuate the name of their late distinguished citizen, Rev. Daniel March, D. D., for already some discussion of the subject is heard. It is believed that the city, the churches, schools, societies, and individuals, would deem it a privilege, as well as duty, to contribute money to defray the expenses of some work of art, to be erected to his memory. A production best fitted to such an end, and, at the same time, procurable at a reasonable outlay, would seem to be a bronze tablet containing his portrait bust in bas-relief with suitable inscription, executed by a person skilled in the art, and worthy of the great man represented by it. It should be concluded to obtain and set up in some appropriate place such a memorial tablet, the thoughts of Woburn people would naturally turn to Miss Madeline A. Bartlett of Boston, daughter of the late Dr. George P. Bartlett of Woburn, who occupies a high rank and enjoys an enviable reputation as an artist. She is in reality a Woburn girl, having spent her early years and been educated here, and local pride, as well as her great merit as a modeler, ought to induce any committee, or first church, having such an enterprise in hand to give Miss Bartlett the preference over any other applicants for the work. Miss Bartlett studied under the famous artist Kitson; she was, also, a student in the celebrated Cowles Art School of Boston; and her work has been exhibited and highly commended by the Boston Art Club, and at the National Sculpture Society Exhibition at Baltimore last year. We do not know what first church, or the public, will do, if anything, in this matter; but if a bas-relief bronze tablet, with bust of Dr. March, is ordered, certainly Miss Bartlett should be favorably considered.

Judging from the attitude taken by the Board of Public Works the other night towards the question of street lighting, we conclude that that Department of our city government are inclined to make progress backward. They propose to return to the poor old system of making the moon, instead of electricity, do a considerable share of the street illumination from April to November each year, which, to a city that wants to be up to date and presentable as well as the city of its neighbors, is humiliating, to say the least. The natural tendency of men and municipalities is to go ahead and keep up with the times; but so our present Board of Public Works, who propose to abandon modern methods as to street lighting, at least, and return to antiquated ones, which have been discarded by all the progressive communities surrounding Woburn.

Chiefly, if not wholly, in the interest of teachers, a bill pending in the Legislature which, if enacted into law, will make it obligatory on each and every town in this State of 5000 inhabitants, or over, adopting the Act, to establish and maintain a Kindergarten department in its schools. That seems to be running the Paternal Government idea into the ground. Mr. Walter Channing of Brookline appears to be the principal author of the scheme, and if his eye should happen to fall on this item, he will probably be surprised at the absence from these columns of the able Editorial he sent us for publication in support of the bill.

His presence and speech at the annual meeting of Towanda Club the other evening shows that Representative Fred F. Walker of this District is keeping up the social end of his legislative honors, as well as the official one in the House, in the very best of style. The fact of the matter is, Representative Walker ought to get the western boundary line of Woburn moved along to just beyond the old Walker Homestead in Burlington occupied by him, and thus secure a change of legal residence from that rural town to Woburn, of which latter place he is really a citizen in every thing, except domicile.

Contrary to general expectation, Speaker Jos. Cannon keeps right on getting things ready for a reelection, notwithstanding the severe attack on him last week by the *Commercial Bulletin*, ex-Governor Curtis Guild's Boston newspaper. "Uncle Joe" is stringing wires and driving stakes that will certainly insure him another term in the Speaker's chair. To him Guild's blistering and senseless attack was nothing more irritating and harmful to the old man than the gentlest sort of a flea-bite.

## LOCAL NEWS.

**New Advertisements.**  
Edison Co.—Papers.  
Edison Co.—Office Mill.  
N. E. Monument Co.—Monuments.

Read what the Boston Branch has to say in its ad. about peas.

Several Woburn parties won prizes in the Boston Globe's Savings Fund contest.

The short spring vacation is over and gone, and the children are busy at work again.

The Woman's Club were delighted with the Folk Song recital at Lyceum Hall at their last meeting.

If we mistake not, Gabalotte and Mianome Clubs give their grand ball this evening in Lyceum Hall.

Rev. Henry Cutter of Malden is the recently installed Pastor of the Mountvale Congregational church.

Co. G returned in high glee last Saturday forenoon from the Tait Inaugural. They had a corking good time.

On account of illness Rev. Mr. Van Ness of Boston failed to deliver his promised lecture before the Woburn Woman's Club last Friday.

"Dick" Carter, the most popular Boston & Maine Railroad Conductor in the business, was 65 years old last Monday. Long may he wave!

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

— The Ladies Benevolent Society of the North Congregational church are to hold a business meeting at 7 o'clock this evening, March 12.

— Mr. and Mrs. James Skinner are to visit their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Dow, at Birmingham, Alabama, about this time.

— Easter comes on April 11. Hints are dropped that mounting exhibitions in styles of women's hats and dresses will be seen on that day.

— There will be Vesper services in Unitarian church every Sunday until Easter, at 5 o'clock. Music by quartet choir. Short organ recital at 4.45.

— Mr. Leon L. Dorr is one of the active ones in arousing and promoting public interest in the series of revival meetings to open here on March 14.

— A meeting and supper were held in the Baptist church last Friday evening, memorial tablet, the thoughts of Woburn people would naturally turn to Miss Madeline A. Bartlett of Boston, daughter of the late Dr. George P. Bartlett of Woburn, who occupies a high rank and enjoys an enviable reputation as an artist. She is in reality a Woburn girl, having spent her early years and been educated here, and local pride, as well as her great merit as a modeler, ought to induce any committee, or first church, having such an enterprise in hand to give Miss Bartlett the preference over any other applicants for the work. Miss Bartlett studied under the famous artist Kitson; she was, also, a student in the celebrated Cowles Art School of Boston; and her work has been exhibited and highly commended by the Boston Art Club, and at the National Sculpture Society Exhibition at Baltimore last year. We do not know what first church, or the public, will do, if anything, in this matter; but if a bas-relief bronze tablet, with bust of Dr. March, is ordered, certainly Miss Bartlett should be favorably considered.

— Mr. Owen F. Pugh, the great Welsh gospel singer, will sing in the First Baptist church next Sunday morning. Come and hear the sweetest gospel singer in America.

— The substitute soprano at the Unitarian church last Sunday afternoon was Mrs. Gertrude Holt of Brookline, who is one of the quartet at First Church, Cambridge.

— On March 24, Edna B. Felch is to give her second annual recital in Lyceum Hall. She is a talented musician, a fine vocalist, and no doubt her recital will prove a great success.

— Union meetings, preparatory and introductory to the series of revival ones that are to be held here from March 14 to April 4, have been held by the ministers and laymen here this week.

— The other day Mr. Fred Stanley, proprietor of the Boston Branch, distributed dead loads of delicious sweet crackers neatly done up, to the people of this city. Mr. S. is right up to date every time.

— Harry Blye & Co., hardware, stoves, etc., are busy; they are not complaining of dull trade—no much! With a tireless stock and low prices Blye & Co. find business sledding smooth and easy.

— This week's rainstorm capped the climax for length and amount. Water poured down. There have been some pretty stiff storms here since Christmas, but none equal to that of last Tuesday and Wednesday.

— At the meeting in the First Baptist Church last Wednesday evening, Rev. Dr. Sims of the Melrose Congregational church spoke in place of Rev. Herbert S. Johnson, of Boston, to an audience of 500 people.

— In a business sense this is the season of the year which is aptly called "between hay and grass"; yet, it is noticed that there is something doing at Copeland & Bowser's drygoods store all day and every day in the week.

— The picture of Jordan Marsh Co.'s Spring Opening of 1909, is a genuine work of art. It was designed and executed by Miss Louise Wyman of this city, daughter of Mr. Arthur B. Wyman. The plan and pencilling idealize real genius; the part of the artist.

— Clarence Stetson returned to his home here last Sunday after a successful operation and 2 weeks stay at the hospital for appendicitis. He is feeling better in every way, and his friends think he is now on the road to good health.

— Fashion publications, both weekly and monthly, and many metropolitan dailies, tell us that, following a marked decline of interest in what playing and parties the past winter, a renaissance of it is imminent, if, indeed, it has not already dawned.

— The Woman's Club, right on hand for every good work that comes up and needs help, are getting together a reading library for the educational benefit of the dwellers, or "good whites," in the mountains of Tennessee—a highly commendable enterprise.

— Today began the Groundhog period which began on Candlemas 2. It has been an utter, although not a dismal, failure from the drop of the hat to the present time, and must naturally go far towards shaking public faith in the Groundhog as a weather prophet.

— Rev. Frank Granstaff, D. D., the Evangelist in charge of the union meetings which begin next Sunday night, will preach on Sunday morning at 10.30 in the Methodist Episcopal Church. All who would not be attending elsewhere are cordially invited to this service.

— It will be seen by the notice of the Committee that the revival meetings in Woburn are to open on March 14, instead of March 10, as at first proposed. Preparations are on foot for them which indicate all the success anticipated by the clergymen of the city and the Committee.

— Smith & Varney, jewelers, silversmiths, clocks, watches, diamonds, and proprietors who never fail to give perfect satisfaction to customers, are forcing ahead in a business way these early spring days. They are having a good run of trade, because people like to deal with them.

— Now get ready for your spring housecleaning. The first thing to do is to see Charles A. Nichols in Bart's office last Monday morning on leaving for his home. He came on to attend the funeral of his father, Rev. Daniel March, D. D., which was held on Sunday afternoon, March 7.

— On account of illness Rev. Mr. Van Ness of Boston failed to deliver his promised lecture before the Woburn Woman's Club last Friday.

— "Dick" Carter, the most popular Boston & Maine Railroad Conductor in the business, was 65 years old last Monday. Long may he wave!

## GET READY FOR SUMMER

**YOU REMEMBER** how much you enjoyed your **ELECTRIC FAN** last Summer. (You may have used it to advantage this Winter.) **NOW** you should see that it is in order before the First Sultry Spring Days.

**ELECTRIC FANS** are Simple, Faithful Workers. They don't need much repair—a little wiping—a few drops of oil—a little tightening of bearings. The point is—

**GET THEM READY.**

**IF YOU DON'T KNOW THE ELECTRIC FAN LET US INTRODUCE YOU.**

**HUNDREDS OF OTHER CHEAP ELECTRIC COMFORTS.**

**THE EDISON ELECTRIC ILLUMINATING CO.**  
Phone Oxford 3300. 39 Boylston Street, BOSTON

— On July 1 next North Reading is to be set off from the Malden to the Woburn Court. They look for a better quality of justice from the latter Bench than from their present one. North Reading is never satisfied with anything short of the best that is going, even at the hands of the Judicial Committee.

— If there is a better fruitstore in Middlesex county, or one conducted by more courteous and accommodating people, than that of Mr. Angelo Crovo, located a few steps from the JOURNAL office, we certainly have never heard of it, or mistrusted such a thing. Every namable thing in high class fruit is kept and sold at reasonable prices at Crovo's.

— On March 5 the JOURNAL printed, by mistake, a last year's organization of Woburn Chapter, R. A. M. In it the following changes have since been made: Arthur F. Heald is Senior Steward; New Officers are: Master of First Vail, Frederick Clarence Keen; Junior Steward, Carl Russell Blanchard; Organist, Frederic Percival Lewis.

— Rev. Doremus Scudder, D. D., a former pastor of the First Congregational church of Woburn, cabled some Scripture quotations for use at the funeral of Rev. Dr. March, which were, in themselves, a perfect eulogy. The two ministers of the old church loved each other dearly. Rev. Dr. Scudder is the Pastor of the largest and most influential church in Honolulu, Hawaii.

— The Loyal Temperance Legion of this city were represented at the funeral of Rev. Dr. March, for whom the Legion was named by Mrs. Joseph Hammond, Frances Shea, Bertha Pratt, Anna Everberg, Eva C. Ward, Ainer Matson, Floyd Sudbury, who carried and presented a floral emblem of the Society to honor the memory of the venerable man who, in life, had been their true friend.

— The Annual Minster Show of St. Charles C. T. A. S. is to be given next Wednesday evening, March 17, or St. Patrick's Day, the date on which, for many years past, it has been performed. The St. Charles is one of the oldest and most solidly grounded societies in this city, and its annual Minster Show is an event that is always anticipated with pleasure, and greatly enjoyed by a big throng of people.

— A week or two ago 100 Greeks direct from their native soil came to this city to find employment and make homes for themselves and families. There are a considerable number of this nationality already residents of Woburn, additions to which may be expected as the present spring advances.

— What with the constant invading of foreigners, Yankees are becoming like the visits of angels, few and far between in this city.

— Mrs. Ellen Moore, wife of Mr. Thomas Moore, a leading merchant of this city, and Commodore of Bosque Post, 33, G. A. R., died at her home on Montvale avenue last Sunday afternoon, after a long illness. She was a native of Brooklyn, N. Y., 50 years old, and married Mr. Moore in 1891. The funeral was held on last Wednesday morning at her late residence, followed by services at St. Charles church at 9.30 A. M.

— Last week the City Council unanimously elected Joseph C. Larock Assistant Engineer of the Fire Department—a proper thing to do, for Mr. Larock has long been a valuable member of the same. At the meeting the Council received four veto messages from Mayor Bond of sixth class liquor licenses that had been granted by the Board at a previous session. The vetoes were laid on the table to remain there until the next Aldermanic meeting.

— In matters of benevolence the women of this town can be implicitly relied on to do the right thing at the right time, and do it better than the male sex could. Now, there are the proceeds of the annual May Party, for example: for years past they have been paid into the Floating Hospital Fund; but it is going to be different this season; the women decided, the other day, to give them to the Charles Choate Memorial Hospital of Woburn, a highly commendable decision, that the Hospital authorities will appreciate and be grateful for.

— Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, used by Mother Gray, a nurse in Children's Home, New York, Break up Colds in 24 hours, cure Feverishness, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Teething Disorders, and Destroy Worms. At all druggists, 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Lefroy, N. Y.

— Many Children are Sickly.

— Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, used by Mother Gray, a nurse in Children's Home, New York, Break up Colds in 24 hours, cure Feverishness, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Teething Disorders, and Destroy Worms. At all druggists, 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Lefroy, N. Y.

## BOSTON THEATRES.

**KEITH'S.**  
Of all the many celebrities that have entered vaudeville in recent years none have made a greater success than Mike Keith, the famous ball player of New York. This may have been a in the beginning very largely to the fact that he was associated with his very clever wife, Mabel Hite, in a sketch which fit the pair of them like a glove. When they made their first appearance in New York crowds went to see the ball player with no idea of what he was to do and it proved a pleasant surprise all round. Those who came out of curiosity saw a remarkably good vaudeville act, and Mr. Keith held up his end in the most satisfactory manner. This was at the beginning of the season and their success has grown ever since. They now come to Keith's at the height of their popularity in a new field.

**THE GAIETY.**  
The "Rose Hill Folly Company," under the direction of Messrs. Rice & Barton will be the coming week's attraction at the Gaiety Theatre. This company offers a real treat to the patrons of this house. The entertainment is far removed from that which is generally offered by burlesque companies. The programme consists of a three act musical comedy entitled "The Knights of the Golden Order." The cast is headed by George W. Rice, the prince of comedians, whose comedy work in the past has earned for him an enviable reputation as a purveyor of hilarious comedy. He will be seen in one of his favorite characters with the Rose Hill Folly Company.

## THE BOSTON.

With the engagement of "Way Down East," which has been playing to capacity house all last week, the Boston Theatre has come into its own again as one of the most popular playhouses in America. The engagement of "Way Down East" concludes on Saturday night, March 13. The management announces for two weeks, beginning Monday, March 15, "The Man of the Hour," under the management of William A. Brady and Joseph R. Grismer. This play of today, which fits the municipal politics of any large city, is by George Broadhurst, and enjoyed a most spectacular run at another Boston theatre last season. Messrs. Brady and Grismer have endeavored to retain most of the players who were associated with that production, and in presenting the play at the more popular prices of the Boston, they have assured the public that nothing has been slighted. The cast will be headed by Cyril Scott, recently seen as a star in his own right in "The Prince Chap" and "The Royal Mounted."

## CASTLE SQUARE.

Everybody knows George Bernard Shaw's wit will want to see "You Never Can Tell" at the Castle Square next week, and many thousands more will want to laugh at the general Irishman's humor of which they have heard so much. Mr. Craig will be giving the most humorous of farcical comedies its first stock presentation in Boston, and none of his patrons will be disappointed. "You Never Can Tell" is a play on which both action and speech are continuously funny. In its plot is involved Mrs. Clandon and the Clandon family, and it happens to be much given to theorizing upon the welfare of mankind. Her husband has taken to drink, possibly with good cause, and they are separated. It is their meeting with their unknown father that gives the Clandon twins and Mr. Shaw an opportunity for grotesque comedy.

**ARRANGE FOR THAT TRIP WEST VIA BOSTON AND MAINE RAILROAD.**  
AND AVOID INCONVENIENCE.  
COMFORTABLE THROUGH TRAINS TO  
CHICAGO, ST. PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS, DETROIT, TORONTO, MONTREAL.  
"10.00 A.M." Through train from Boston to St. Paul and Minneapolis.  
"11.00 A.M." Through train from Boston to Chicago, Cleveland, Buffalo, Detroit, Toronto, Montreal.  
"11.30 A.M." Through train from Boston to Chicago, Cleveland, Buffalo, Detroit, Toronto, Montreal.  
"12.30 P.M." Through train from Boston to Chicago, Cleveland, Buffalo, Detroit, Toronto, Montreal.  
"1.15 P.M." Through train from Boston to Chicago, Cleveland, Buffalo, Detroit, Toronto, Montreal.  
"1.45 P.M." Through train from Boston to Chicago, Cleveland, Buffalo, Detroit, Toronto, Montreal.  
"2.15 P.M." Through train from Boston to Chicago, Cleveland, Buffalo, Detroit, Toronto, Montreal.  
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# THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

Published Weekly: Every Friday Morning by George A. Hobbs.

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VOL. LIX.

WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, MARCH 19, 1909.

NO. 18

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415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS.

**Notice To Patrons,**

Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co.

Change of Time. Reading &

Arlington Route.

**WEEK DAYS.**

Beginning Monday, June 3, 1907, cars

will leave Reading Square for Stoneham,

Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5:00

5:30, 5:45, 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:30 A.M.

and every 30 minutes until 10:30 P.M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 5:40, 7:10,

Arlington 5:20, 5:50, 6:05, 6:20, 6:50, 7:05,

7:20, 7:50 A.M. and every 30 minutes until

10:30 P.M.

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## WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE

POST OFFICE.

From Boston and via Boston, 7:30, 7:45, 10:15, 11:30

a.m., 2:30, 3:30, 4:30, 5:30, 6:30, 7:30, 8:30, 9:30

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## Natural Gas

And

Miranda.

By MARY

ALDINE.

Copyrighted, 1903, by Associated

Literary Press.

Mr. Samuel Perkins, assisted by two

Italians, all with their coats and vests

and perspiring profusely, was huddled

into an arched doorway in the wall.

Suddenly the door was forced open

and a puff of vapor that had the odor of

bad eggs and sulphur mixed together, Mr.

Perkins had struck a natural gas well.

A month later Mrs. Perkins was say-

ing to a friend:

"Samuel, remember that we spell

our name Perkins; also that a few weeks

ago we went to Europe. We've got money,







## Nothing Nicer!

LARSEN'S  
LILLY BRAND

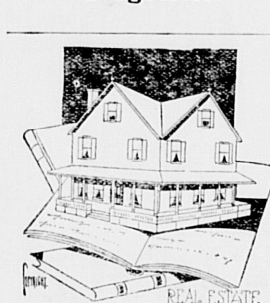
PEAS

SWEET MARROWFAT  
Extra sifted, early JuneBoston Branch  
Tea and Grocery House,  
FRED. STANLEY  
351 Main Street,  
TELEPHONE 100-1.

## Photographs

— OF —

DR. MARCH

THE LAST ONE taken seated at  
his desk in his study.THE ONLY ONE of him taken  
at the entrance to the church.  
Taken at end of 90th year.Whitcher's  
Woburn's Low Price  
Drugstore.PILL  
BOXFor Real Estate  
call on Griffin Place  
at 416 Main Street,  
Woburn, Mass.,  
street floor.

Musical.

MAUDE H. LITTLEFIELD,

Piano-forte and Violin

INSTRUCTION

79 Prospect St., Woburn.

Season opens Sept. 29.

Artistic and Scientific

MUSICAL INSTRUCTION

Mrs. Annie M. G. Lewis, Pianoforte

Mr. F. Percival Lewis, Theory, Organ

Private and Class Lessons in Woburn

Address Winchester; or call in Woburn

Winchester, Mass., 10-12, 24.

Why  
Delay

the erection of that memorial?

Have you not given the mat-

ter careful consideration?

Come and see our finished

work, or telephone 74-4, and

we will come to you, and

we will come to you, and

we will come to you, and

we will come to you, and

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## WINCHESTER.

Our new Town Government are start-

ing in grand good shape.

A few cases of scarlet fever have been

discovered among the children here.

The Dorothea Dix Children are to give

an entertainment here on March 27.

We are going to have pretty soon a

modern, fireless automobile garage here.

Real estate people inform us that there

is to be a whole lot of building here

this season.

I didn't hear much about any observance

of Evacuation Day. Nor of St. Patrick's, either.

This town is not wholly free from

housebreakers, but they have not got

away with much plunder of late.

The result of the revival meetings here

was a considerable increase of church

membership. The Baptists, Congrega-

tionists and Methodists were the

principal gainers.

Our School Board are giving public

hearings on matters connected with the

school, and settling the talk that has

been made of late concerning them.

The first meeting was held on Wednes-

day evening, March 17.

I have heard that Rev. Mr. Newton's

eulogy at the funeral of Rev. Dr. March

was eloquent, appreciative of the merits

of the venerable and distinguished

Divine and author. Rev. Dr. March had

no better friend than Rev. Mr. Newton.

## COLOR WORDS.

Red Seems to Be the Favorite With

Most of the Great Writers.

Upon tabulating the words used by

Shakespeare referring to colors it is

revealed that out of every hundred

color words thirty may be classed as

red. Next follow twenty-two white,

twenty black, seventeen yellow, seven

green and only four blue. Thus Shake-

speare's favorite color word was red,

and investigation will show that this

is the characteristic color of nearly

all great writers. For instance, it is

the color word most often employed by

Tennyson.

In all great works of human interest

red predominates, as it is the color of

the very strongest of our passions and

impulses—the color of hot blood. There

is no color so warm, so full of joy and

life, so overflowing with vitality.

Red is the color of glowing iron—of

heat and passion. In nature red has

the growth of roses, while at the same

time it quickens all rotting and

decaying. Plants grown under red glass

will grow four times as quickly as

under white light, and grow to four

times their usual height.

Red in excess has an evil effect. For

example, an excess of red light makes

one irritable and nervous. In excess

red produces homicidal mania—the de-

sire to kill. The effect of red upon

various animals is well known, it hav-

ing the power of enraging the bull, the

tiger and the turkey—London Scenaps.

## MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

Baptist Church, 10-12, 24, preaching by Rev.

Pastor, Rev. H. B. Williams, D. D.

12 M., Sunday School.

CONGREGATIONAL, 10-12, 24, preaching by

the pastor, Rev. S. A. Norton, D. D.

Sunday School, 10-12, 24.

UNITARIAN, 10-12, 24, preaching by Rev.

A. L. Hudson of Newton.

At 12 the Sunday School.

At 2 M., 10-12, 24, Subject: "Accepting and

Rejecting Christ."

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Street

Rev. A. H. Horlick, Pastor.

SUNDAY SERVICES—

Preaching, 10-12, 24.

SUNDAY SCHOOL, 10-12, 24.

TUESDAY EPISCOPAL, 4th Sunday in Lent.

9:30 A. M., Sunday School.

12 M., Sunday School.

1 P. M., 10-12, 24, Canon Perry of Ja-

ma Plain will preach in the evening.

Rev. W. H. Osmond, Rector.

## OFFICERS' CHARADE.

The of the Company Was an Expert

at the Game.

A general arrived from St. Peters-

burg in a garrison town in the interior

of Russia to hold an inspection of the

regiment. After the review he stepped

into the officers' mess room, where he

noticed on the counter a row of bot-

tles, to which, instead of usual labels,

white tickets, with a single letter of

the alphabet on each, were affixed.

The bottles stood in rank and file and

in alphabetical order.

"What does this mean?" the general

asked the lieutenant who was show-

ing him around.

"That is an officers' charade, your

excellency," replied the officer, rather

embarrassed.

The general continued his inquiries

and elicited the following information:

"Each bottle contains a different

kind of liquor. At the meeting of the

officers' club one of us uses because

of these varieties in a glass so that the

bottles spell a name, and the older

and more experienced members of the

club after tasting it guess what it is

composed of and name the word in-

stead."

"Very original idea," remarked the

general. "And are you able to make a

guess of that kind?"

"If it is your excellency's pleasure, I

will try," the lieutenant replied.

The general went to the counter and

picked a glass, while the officer stood

at the other end of the room with his

face to the wall.

"Now, guess what this means," said

the general as he handed the glass to

the officer.

The latter drank it at one gulp,

smacked his tongue and replied:

"That was 'Anna,' your excellency."

"Bravo!" exclaimed the general. "It

requires a lot of practice, eh?"

"Your excellency," Anna, is easy

enough, but there is a captain in our

corps who can even guess 'Nebuchad-

nezzar!'"

## LOST BOTH WAYS.

A Toss of a Coin With an Unexpected

Result.

A New York traveling man was tell-

ing stories of "Toothpick Tom," a fa-

mous Bowery character, who lived by

his wits as a gambler. Tom was

known far and wide, not only because

of this gambling mania, which was in-

imitable, but because of his quaint wit

and originality. He was an illiterate

and could neither read nor write, but

in the course of his career he handled

perhaps a little more than the average

gambler's share of coin raked in across

the green cloth.

"One afternoon Tom woke up with a

healthy appetite for breakfast," said

the New Yorker. "He rose from his

investigating his pockets that he had a

five dollar gold piece, and he set out

for the nearest cafe to appease his

hunger. But just as he was about to

enter the restaurant he suddenly re-

ceived the entrance to the next place

is the one leading to a gambling house

which he had not visited for some

time. Tom paused. He felt himself torn

between two emotions, hunger

and the spirit of gambling.

"Should he risk his gold piece on the

faro table or the roulette or should he

eat? That was the question. He might

make a killing in which event, of

course, he would eat sumptuously.

"Again, he might lose and face

starvation. The natural thing for Tom

to do was to leave it to chance.

"Heads up, I eat breakfast; tails, I

play," said Tom and flipped the coin.

It was heads up, and Tom scratched

his head thoughtfully and said:

"Well, I'll make it two out of

## VEST'S CAMPAIGN SPEECH.

Why a Small Boy Persisted in Har-

ing It Every Day.

Senator Vest was making a bumpy

campaign in southeast Missouri some

years ago," said a Missouri official.

"His driver was a small boy, who was

duly impressed with the importance

of his distinguished employer's

speeches. At each town visited by Vest

the boy hurried his team to a conven-

ient barn and then raised for the

composure, or wherever the "speakee"

was to take place, and perched him-

self with painful persistence on the

front seat. He invariably turned his

eyes on the senator and took in every

word of the speech as if his very life

depended on it.

"Finally the lad's continued conspic-

uous presence annoyed the senator, and

he kindly but firmly reminded the boy

that it was not necessary for him to attend

every meeting.

"I'll make the same speech every

time you have heard it," the boy en-

dured to say, so just put in your

time in the future looking after the

team," he admonished his youthful

driver.

Despite the senator's objection, the

boy was again in the front seat the

next day and the following day. This

enraged Vest, and he thundered:

"Why do you persist in always oc-

cupying that front seat? Didn't I tell

you I make the same speech every

day? It's as old and stale to you as it

is to me. Why insist on hearing it

again and again?"

"I want to see what you're going to

do when you forget it," answered the

boy. "Well, you've forgotten it," said

the senator. "Well, you've forgotten it,"

said the boy. "Well, you've forgotten it,"

said the senator. "Well, you've forgot-

ten it," said the boy. "Well, you've

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senator. "Well, you've forgotten it,"

said the boy. "Well















## Nothing Nicer!

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LILLY BRAND

PEAS

SWEET MARROWFAT  
Extra sifted, early JuneBoston Branch  
Tea and Grocery House,  
FRED. STANLEY  
351 Main Street,  
TELEPHONE 109-1.

## Photographs

— OF —

DR. MARCH

THE LAST ONE taken seated at  
his desk in his study.  
THE ONLY ONE of him taken  
at the entrance to the church.  
Taken at end of 90th year.Whitcher's  
PILL  
BOX  
Woburn's Low Price  
Drugstore.For Real Estate  
call on Griffin Place  
at 416 Main Street,  
Woburn, Mass.,  
street floor.

## Musical.

MAUDE H. LITTLEFIELD,  
Piano-forte and Violin

## INSTRUCTION

79 Prospect St., Woburn.

Season opens Sept. 29.

Artistic and Scientific  
MUSICAL INSTRUCTION  
Mrs. Annie M. S. LEWIS, Pianoforte  
Mr. F. Percival, Theory, Organ  
Private and Class Lessons in Woburn  
Address: Winchester; or consult in Woburn  
Catharine Street, No. 10-12, 24.Why  
Delaythe erection of that memorial?  
Have you not given the matter  
careful consideration?  
Come and see our finished  
work, or telephone 74-1, and  
we will come and see you.  
Our moderate prices will  
surprise you.New England Monument Co.  
(HEARN & HORNESLEY)  
117 Salem St., Woburn  
Opp. Woodbrook Cemetery.Hotel Property  
FOR SALE.The property known as the Central  
House, consisting of 60 rooms, Cafe, dining  
rooms, bath, etc., steam heated. Also  
stables, 2 stories with stalls on 23 floor; 34  
floor occupied by the Woburn Journal  
Printing Plant, together with 20,000 feet of  
land; or will sell Central House with about  
11,398 feet of land, separate.  
This property has a frontage of over 200  
feet on Main street, and is an excellent  
opportunity for stores, as there is a great  
demand for the same. C. E. SMITH,  
439 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

## LOST--Savings Bank Book

Savings Bank Book as listed below is lost  
and application has been made for the  
issuance of duplicate book in accordance  
with Sect. 40, Chap. 590, of 1908.  
Payment has been stopped.  
Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank.  
Book No. 22608.

## WINCHESTER.

The H. S. Athletic Association are to  
give an entertainment on April 10 to  
reunite their treasury.A final Town Meeting for winding up  
the public business is to be held on  
March 25. There are several odd and  
ends to be taken care of, and then will  
come a rest.Lent has been, and is being, kept in a  
decorous and proper manner in the  
town. Religious meetings have been  
frequent and well attended, and there  
has been a respectful tithing in amuse-  
ments.They say that Lawyer Elder is going  
to give a Smoke Talk here soon. He is  
capable of it. He seems to be in high  
demand for such functions, reunions,  
banquets, etc. Winchester is proud of him.Editor Wilson of the Star is prospering,  
I think. Lately he has been installing  
new machinery in his printing plant,  
the same being made necessary by an  
increase of business. Well, he deserves  
prosperity.Mrs. Ophelia Hutchins, who celebrated  
her 100th birthday at Montague, on  
March 20, was the widow of Clark  
Hutchins of this town where they were  
married. They moved to Deerfield from  
here. She is a smart old lady.According to the report of the com-  
mittee, this town is not likely to have  
cheaper gas very soon. The Arlington  
Company who supply this place, as well  
as Arlington and Belmont, say that they  
cannot make any reduction in the price  
of the article, and so, Winchester will  
have to stand it awhile longer.

## To Break In New Shoes Always Use

Allen's Foot-Powder, a powder. It prevents  
Tightness and Blistering, cures Swollen,  
Sweating, Aching Feet. At all Drug  
and shoe stores. 25c. Sample mailed  
FREE. Address, A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy,  
N. Y.MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.  
UNITARIAN.—At 10:30 A. M., preaching by the  
pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker. Subject: "The Con-  
dition of the World." At 7:30 P. M., singing  
and prayer. Subject: "A Religion of  
Good Cheer." A short meeting in the vestry fol-  
lowing this service.FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services  
in First Church Savings Bank Building, Room 15,  
at 10:30 A. M., and 7:30 P. M. Subject: "Reality."  
Sunday School for the Children at 11:45 A. M.  
Evening service at 7:30 P. M. with testimonies.  
The Reading Room is open from 2:30 to 4:30 P.  
M., every Sunday. Free will contributions. Christian  
Science Literature on Sale. Room 15.

## Married.

In Boston, Mass. March 17, 1909, by Charles A.  
Felt, J. of George Edgar, Teacher of Woburn,  
and Margarette McCarthy of Woburn, Mass.

## Died.

Date, name, and age, (inserted free) all other notices  
10 cents a line.In this city, March 19, Sarah M. Gray, aged 92  
years, 2 months, 2 days.In this city, March 20, Catherine M. Doherty,  
aged 64 years.In West Medford, Mass., March 19, Roger Con-  
nelly of Woburn, aged 83 years.

## MAKING NEEDLES.

From the Coil of Fine Steel Wire to  
the Finished Product.In the making of needles a coil of  
fine steel wire is first run into an elab-  
orate machine and cut into pieces the  
length of two needles. These lengths  
are gathered into little bundles, and  
each end of the wire is sharpened at  
the rate of hundreds a minute by be-  
ing pressed against a grindstone, the  
sparks, flying in a continuous stream,  
making a miniature firework display.Two eyes are next stamped in the cen-  
ter of the wire, which is then broken  
in half, forming two needles, and  
roughly "first finished" by having the  
bars rubbed down.At this stage the needles are still  
soft wire and need hardening, so they  
are soaked in a bath of hot oil and  
when cool again are quite hard and  
brittle. Then follows the polishing  
process, when, done up in bundles of  
thousands, the needles are continually  
rolled in sand for a period of seven  
days, coming forth from the process  
with a fine polish.Lastly they are threaded on wires,  
and a little friction makes the eyes  
bright and clear before they are taken  
to the packing room.—Pearson's Week-  
ly.A Little Washington Girl had for a  
long time wanted a Boston bull ter-  
rier. One day, during her convales-  
cence from an attack of pneumonia,  
the youngster broached the subject to  
her mother, begging that she induce  
her father to procure such a dog.Her mother's response was to the ef-  
fect that, as daddy did not like dogs,  
the chances were that he would be un-  
willing to buy one. Then, perceiving  
the expression of disappointment that  
came to the face of the little invalid,  
the mother's heart melted, and she said:"Wait till you get well, dear; then  
we will see."  
"Oh, no," answered the child. "The  
sicker I am the more likely he will be  
to buy it for me!"—Baltimore Ameri-  
can.He who can conceal his joys is  
greater than he who can hide his  
griefs.—Lafayette.New England Monument Co.  
(HEARN & HORNESLEY)  
117 Salem St., Woburn  
Opp. Woodbrook Cemetery.New England Monument Co.  
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Opp. Woodbrook Cemetery."THE FAIR THAT  
WILL BE READY."Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition  
Grounds and Buildings Nearly  
Completed Three Months  
Ahead of Time.Features of the Show That Will Be  
Different From Any of Its Predeces-  
sors—Beautiful Structures and Sit-  
ing Where Wonders of East and West  
Will Be Brought Together For the  
First Time.Working with the same energy and  
enthusiasm that enabled the people of  
Seattle to raise \$550,000 in one day  
three years ago to start the Alaska-  
Yukon-Pacific exposition going, the di-  
rectors of the great show that opens  
June 1 were able to announce this  
month that the fair was 75 per cent  
completed. Buildings are ready to re-  
ceive the \$500,000 of exhibits that  
make up the exposition; lighting and  
sewerage systems have been completed,  
and the grounds, which have been  
set out in one huge forest garden of  
250 acres, are being planted with flow-  
ers and shrubs.Up to the planning of the A.-Y.-P.  
show all exhibitions since those at  
Paris and Chicago have been very  
much alike. Seattle's exposition is dif-  
ferent outwardly and in spirit. The  
idea of the A.-Y.-P. is to bring the un-  
known and undeveloped to the atten-  
tion of people of the older and more  
highly developed parts of the world.To Break In New Shoes Always Use  
Allen's Foot-Powder, a powder. It prevents  
Tightness and Blistering, cures Swollen,  
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Science Literature on Sale. Room 15.and in explanation of this cleavage F.  
P. Bellamy, counsel for the Society of  
New England, counsel for the Society of  
Experimentation, says:  
"The New York Anti-Vivisection so-  
ciety does not like the Davis-Lee bill,  
for which we are sponsors, because, in  
the opinion of the out and out anti-  
vivisectionists, it is not sufficiently  
radical. The doctors, on the other  
hand, oppose our bill because it is too  
radical, a situation that strongly sug-  
gests that the Davis-Lee measure rep-  
resents a reasonable compromise be-  
tween extremists."A new development of the campaign  
actively waged by a committee of New  
York physicians especially interested  
in vivisection against any and all  
measures to lessen the abuses of the  
practice of the widespread scientific  
of literature in which it is claimed,  
for example, that animals do not suffer  
pain from the same causes and in the  
same ways that affect human beings.  
No, it is claimed, they do suffer and  
suffer by an animal under experimenta-  
tion necessarily mean that it is suffer-  
ing.Going a step further, one vivisection-  
ist has written an elaborate article in  
which he asserts that the opposition to  
vivisection is a manifestation of a  
mania which in its milder forms is  
seen in the extreme affection of the  
afflicted ones for horses, dogs and cats.All of which, it is pointed out, goes  
to show that perhaps the vivisection-  
ists from the nature of their calling  
are not the best judges of what suffer-  
ing is nor of the means necessary to  
prevent needless cruelty.The extent of the protection which  
affords against unscrupulous  
competition is not general. Realized  
This is partly due to the fact that  
there has been no book in which the  
subject was brought up to date in the  
light of recent decisions of the courts.  
For this reason, Harry D. Mus of the  
New York bar has now written a vol-  
ume under the title "The Law of Un-  
fair Business Competition."This volume discusses the methods  
of enjoining, without the delays in-  
herent to damage suits, unfair use of  
the names of goods and persons, mis-  
use of trade secrets, the limitation of  
unfair statements as to credit and quality of  
goods, fraudulent and unfair inter-  
ference with contracts, and the use of  
others by threats of prosecution and  
false representation. The book also  
contains chapters on the defenses  
available in proceedings of this sort  
and the remedies and relief  
which may be secured.WONDERS OF SEATTLE FAIR.  
Unique Features of Big Show That  
Opens June 1 on Pacific Coast.Outside of the distinctly amusement  
features already mentioned, the  
visitors, the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific ex-  
position will have more unique exhibits  
than any of its predecessors. Promptly  
on entering the grounds the visitor  
will see a golden monument in which  
\$7,000 worth of gold dust has been  
used. In another exhibit \$35,000  
worth of gold dust, which has  
already arrived at the exposition site,  
and if the sightseer wants to know  
how this was obtained he can have  
the privilege of panning gold from  
native Alaska gravels."Old Faithful," the famous yellow-  
stone park geyser, has been reproduced,  
spouting water to a height of 150 feet,  
illuminated at night by multicolor  
electric lights. As a part of the  
Hawaitan exhibit there is an exact  
reproduction of the volcano Kilauwa in ac-  
tion.For the doorway of the Alaska build-  
ing of the exposition the largest pair  
of whale jawbones ever discovered  
have been used. The bones are nine  
feet in length and weigh nearly a  
ton. Not far away is a more practical  
exhibit of the bigness of northwestern  
products—a one piece flagpole 200 feet  
in height, made from timber found  
near Buckley.The flower display at Seattle will  
cover a large part of the grounds.  
The scale on which this feature is be-  
ing carried can be judged from the  
fact that 100,000 cactus dahila plants  
have been ordered, and more  
than 200,000 red Easter lilies will  
be seen growing in one huge bed.AGAINST TARIFF TAX  
ON GOOD ROAD MAKING.Work For Better Highways Would Be  
Halted by Concession to California's  
Demand For Duty on Asphalt.Protesting against the proposal to  
increase the tariff on asphalt, the Chi-  
cago Tribune, one of the leading Re-  
publican papers of the country, says:  
"The California producers of asphalt  
ask that the duty on the competing  
asphalt of Trinidad and Venezuela be  
more than doubled. They say that  
they, who have to pay railroad freight  
rates across the continent, cannot com-  
pete in the east with the foreign prod-  
uct, which is cheaply carried by water.  
This will not be disputed, but it does  
not follow that eastern cities should  
be made to pay more for their pave-  
ments in order to make a wider and  
better market for one of the minor  
products of a distant state. They  
ought not to be molested because the  
freight on a ton of Trinidad asphalt is  
\$2 and a ton of the California product  
\$11."In spite of the alleged insolvency  
of the present day, the California pro-  
ducers are doing fairly well. Their  
output in 1907 was 98,000 tons, while  
105,000 were imported. They have a  
practical monopoly in several states.  
They have an equal chance with their  
competitors in others. They ought,  
under the circumstances, to be sat-  
isfied with that. They should turn their  
attention to the lowering of freight  
rates rather than to the raising of  
duties. That would be a method of  
widening their market which would  
hurt nobody.The general superiority of asphalt  
for paving purposes is admitted. Noth-  
ing but the cost stands in the way of  
its almost universal use. Municipal-  
ties and property owners should not  
be forced through legislation that  
would add to the cost of asphalt to  
put up with less desirable pavements.  
Those pavements would be likely to  
cost them a little more than they do  
now in the cost of paving with asphalt  
were increased.Looked Too Far.  
There was an English farmer, a  
Somersetshire man, who once owned  
a telescope. The old man remarked  
to a friend at a local race meeting that  
the pretty nowadays had glasses for  
both eyes and added that he "had had  
one once for one eye, a right good one  
it was, but now it was no use at all—  
no, not a bit.""Why not?" asked the friend.  
"Well," he said, "it was a good one  
I could see miles off. I could see  
plain the steeple of the church five  
miles off. But missus' son John, he  
bought one, and he tried to see the  
steeple of the other church, ten miles  
off—and tried and tried and couldn't.  
And that strained it, and it was never  
of no use any more—no, not to no  
body."When a king creates an office Provi-  
dence at once creates a fool to buy it.  
—Colbert.The Mystified Father.  
"Your son," said the school teacher,  
"is very backward in his studies."  
"That's funny," mused the father.  
"At home, in conversation with me, he  
seems to know it all."—Philadelphia  
North American.

## A POISON EPISODE.

When a Famous Chemist Was Silenced  
In Court by a Judge.There was a famous poisoning case  
in England many years ago in which  
the strong point of the defense was to  
show that the accused, who was an  
expert chemist, would not have used a  
poison which could be so easily found  
after it had been taken into the hu-  
man system. Sir Robert Christeson,  
professor in Edinburgh university, a  
chemist expert on toxicology, whose  
works are still standard on that sub-  
ject, was put on the stand to prove  
this point. When he declared that a  
chemist would certainly use some poi-  
son which would leave no trace, the  
prosecuting attorney asked him if he  
meant to say that there were such  
poisons.Sir Robert replied in the affirmative.  
The prosecutor asked, "Name them?"  
"No," shouted the judge, "I forbid  
you to answer that question!"  
In spite of the protests of the prose-  
cutor the judge would not allow the  
expert publicly to give the name of a  
poison which would leave no trace, and  
the question remained unan-  
swered.Now comes the curious part of the  
story. During the next two years Sir  
Robert received more than 4,000 let-  
ters from all parts of the world ask-  
ing him to name the poison, the name  
of the untraceable poison alluded to in  
his testimony. Many of these he kept  
as curiosities, showing them to his  
friends as evidence of the depravity of  
human nature. Some of the excuses  
were very ingenious. One man was  
writing a novel based on a poison plot  
and wanted to make use of the un-  
traceable poison idea. He did not  
want to give the name of the poison in  
his book, but just wanted to have it  
by him in case any scientific critic  
should deny the possibility of such poi-  
sons, when he could send him the  
"distinguished authority" from whom  
it came, etc. Several persons profess-  
ed to be studying chemistry and asked  
for the information on the ground of  
professional courtesy. To all such Sir  
Robert would send the advice to pur-  
sue their studies and they would soon  
know as much about it as he did.  
Many offered large sums of money for  
the secret, usually pretending they  
had but still larger amounts that they  
could find it out in a given time and  
were willing to share their profits lib-  
erally with Sir Robert.The thing which most impressed Sir  
Robert was the number of persons all



